

Lloyd George, Churchill, and the Russian Revolution



Soldiers on parade in Kharkov before leaving for the Southern Front, 1919

CHARD H. ULLMAN:
Britain and the Russian Civil War, November 1918-February 1920, 15 pp. Princeton University Press. London: Oxford University Press. £3 3s.

WHEN Mr. Ullman's first volume on the British involvement in revolutionary Russia, *Intervention and the War*, was reviewed in the *T.L.S.* on May 4, 1962, it was natural to lament that, while the author had access to personal papers of participants and other unpublished materials, the official records were still closed to him. No complaint can be made about the second volume, *Britain and the Russian Civil War*, which carries on the ill-fated story from the truce of November 1918 to February 1920, when intervention was virtually at an end. The author has now been able to make full use, not only of a further release of memoirs and private papers, but of the official records and of the Foreign Office and War Office files in the Public Record Office. It is unlikely that any further large body of documents will remain undisclosed in this country.

It is in a sense, however, true that the more information we have, the more difficult does it become to explain what happened. It might have been assumed that there would, somewhere in the archives, be some record of a decision by which the intervention in Russia, sensibly undertaken as a part of the German effort to counter threatened German encroachments, was transformed into an operation designed to bring about the overthrow of the Bolsheviks. It is clear that no such decision was ever taken. The operation continued under its own momentum: in mid-winter, 1918, it could have been impossible to withdraw the British troops from the Archangel front where some of them were engaged. Only the reasons

or pretexts, for the operation were gradually, and almost inevitably, modified; and the ease of the change-over throws some retrospective doubts on the sincerity of the reasons given for the original intervention in 1918. One has the impression that hostility to the Bolsheviks, explicable both by their revolutionary policies and by their abandonment of the Allied cause, had been the most powerful motive force behind it from the start, and that there was in fact little to change in mood or motive after the November armistice.

When the delegations assembled in Paris in January, 1919, for Peace Conference, the magnitude of the Russian dilemma quickly became apparent. The Pinkie proposals revealed the depth of the fear and animosity which the Bolsheviks inspired in French, and rather less widely in British, official circles, and how easily popular indignation, raised to fever-pitch by the experiences of the war, could be transferred to this new target. Lloyd George and Woodrow Wilson continued, at least as late as March (the month of the Bullitt mission), to want negotiations with the Bolsheviks. But any such proposal, once it came into the open, seemed doomed to be shot down by the mass of opinion in the delegations and the greater mass of public opinion at home.

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other of the statesmen in Paris. But he knew and cared little about foreign affairs, except in so far as they impinged on the domestic political scene. His power was limited—his personal authority was probably never so great or so uncontested as Churchill's towards the end of the Second World War: and, when he had to compromise, he would always yield a point of foreign policy in order to secure what he judged essential on the home front. Hence his influence on policy towards Russia was spasmodic, and he sometimes accepted or sponsored decisions in which he did not believe. This made his attitude, as Mr. Ullmann says at one point, seem "less than straightforward".

Churchill remained wholly committed to the traditional past. Alone among the British delegates, he would have liked to see the old Russian Empire reconstituted, and had little or no sympathy for the breakaway aspirations of the national minorities. He listened with a sympathy and patience felt by few to the numerous groups of Russian émigrés thronging the Allied capitals; he even fell for the ex-Social Revolutionary terrorist, Savinkov, Curzon, who was not in Paris but reigned *pro tem* in the Foreign Office in London, was fundamentally more at odds with Churchill than with Lloyd George. He detested and distrusted all Russians, Red or White, and had no use for Churchillian schemes of campaigns in Europe. But he wanted a screen of British troops in Transcaucasia or central Asia as a safeguard against Russian incursions into the British imperial preserves of Persia and Afghanistan. Balfour remained aloof, and used his wit, his charm, and his outstanding intelligence to pick holes impartially both in the arguments in favour of action and in the arguments against it, so that his ideal goal was usually to reach no conclusion at all.

History seen, thanks to the documents, through the eyes of these and of a number of minor figures, tends to become personalized in a way we had begun to think of as old-fashioned. We are tempted, almost invited, to think of decisions taken in Paris about Russia as the product of a personal duel between Lloyd George and Churchill; and this impression may well be enhanced when we are allowed to see the still unpublished correspondence between the two statesmen. These documents, at any rate, produced these consequences, these positions, these factors, these results.



Lenin speaking in Red Square on the first anniversary of the Russian Revolution.

reaching the official's desk, and could at best be regarded as first impressions, not as considered pronouncements. Foreign Office officials were especially prolific in the output of such "minutes", whether because they were more articulate than members of other departments, or because the elaborate Foreign Office filing system provided for every paper received a separate "jacket", which offered ample space, and set the tradition, for copious "minutes".

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Hardinge. But an ex-Viceroy of India and protégé of Edward VII was hardly the right person to engage in the rough-and-tumble of policy-making under a dynamic Prime Minister. Hardinge lacked altogether the adaptability, the technical competence, the patience and the devotion which Hankey so abundantly displayed; and, for anything that he did, he might just as well not have come to Paris. The other leading members of the Foreign Office delegation frankly distrusted and detested Lloyd George, and he despised or ignored them. In matters in which specialist knowledge was required, and in which Lloyd George took no personal interest—and this covered most of the territorial settlements all over Europe—the Foreign Office delegation played an active and effective part. But, when major decisions of the Russian question, it was seldom consulted and not always even informed. Foreign Office correspondence of July, 1919, shows that in that month there was no record of the Bullitt mission of March, 1919, in the F.O. files, either in Paris or in London. In the near future, more and more research workers will decipher more and more minutes in official files, the circumstances in which they were written and the authority behind them should be carefully weighed. All documents are important for the historian; but not all documents are equal.

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and reviewed in the *TLS* on June 8, 1969, indeed appears to confirm the view that there of the overwhelming importance of the Russian question in the deliberations of the Paris conference. Rather oddly, Mr. Ullmann takes issue with this view and finds it "misleading", since the problem of French security against Germany was, he says, "at least as important as the Russian and Bolshevik".

It may be suggested that the two are writing at different levels which do not clash. In the day-to-day work of the conference the two questions were sent different items of the agenda. Ullmann can tell his story with barely a glance to the Franco-German problem. For security was an issue in its own right, after the Fontainebleau memorandum. March it became increasingly difficult to Russia and Bolshevik out of the picture more words may have been spoken and about it than about any other item. But Ullmann is less concerned to do what happened between the delegates than to analyse the pressures, including pressures of domestic politics, which shaped their attitudes; and Mr. Ullmann's account complements and reinforces, and tainly does not contradict, this analysis.

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drawn between Germany and Russia, the whole, the first solution seemed to be desirable, the second more practicable. British and the Americans were, for their part, sceptical of both solutions, thought less in terms of balance of powers and more in terms of building up a barrier against Bolshevism. This alienation from the United Germany required, though an explicit opinion made this difficult to admit, a relaxation in the penal conditions imposed Germany by the victorious Powers. This dilemma the peace-makers at Versailles never escaped: it continued to dog policy for many years after.

It has become a commonplace to say the peace settlement of 1919 settled and sowed the seeds of all the confusion and errors in Allied policies in Europe for the war period. This is notoriously true in the case of Germany. Allied support of the Whites against the Bolsheviks in the Civil War, also set a pattern which proved extraordinarily difficult to break. As has recently been marked, the Cold War began the moment hot war stopped, and has gone on, with interruptions and relaxations, ever since.

device of playing on western fears of Bolshevism, skillfully exploited by Hitler in the 1930s, was already being used by the German flatterers in 1919; indeed, the British may also have invented it. As late as 1939, the British had the dilemma which had confronted the peace-makers in 1919: whether to voice Russia or the border states of Poland and Rumania as the counterweight to Germany; and once again fear of Bolshevism was up in the air. It is with astonishment Mr. Ullmann's book, though limited to the narrow field of British diplomacy in 1919, a valuable contribution to many larger problems.



GEORGE F. KENNAN AND THE REVOLTING STUDENTS

GEORGE KENNAN:
Democracy and the Student Left.
239pp. Hutchinson. 30s.
(Paperback 12s. 6d.)

Princeton was the question: had its team used signet rings as knuckle-dusters in a match against Harvard?

The 1920s were one of the drabest periods in American university life. The hopes of Wilson had been largely thwarted, and the "idiot" in the Greek sense, of the student bodies in very great American universities shocked British visitors, senior and junior. Does Mr. Kennan really want to go back to the torpidity or worse of the 1920s? Mr. Kennan professes to be surprised that the students of today are angered by many social problems that their parents or grandparents ignored. He asks a question which is an odd one coming from so great a scholar: why is this so? After all, he says, Pushkin did not worry about the state of the Russian peasantry, but Kropotkin did, although the condition of the peasantry had greatly improved. One might also mention Tolstoy as well as Kropotkin, or Alexander II as compared with Nicholas I. That criticism of the social order comes not when it is at its worst period, but when what Wordsworth called "effort and expectation and desire" is mounting, is a commonplace. One would have thought, since Tocqueville wrote *L'Ancien Régime*, that Mr. Kennan is sometimes right, and that a good many students waste their time on political demonstrations when they should be working hard at their academic studies, is true; but the days of the "gentleman's grade" are not long in the past, nor are the days of panty raids. That many of the student leaders often have no idea of what they are destroying and no idea of what they propose to replace it with is true. But as active teachers could tell Mr. Kennan, very often the leaders in the revolts are among the best students, intellectually and morally, and they have, to use a term that Swarthmore at least will understand, "a concern".

Almost everywhere that Mr. Kennan touches the delicate and dangerous subject of contemporary America he "cops out", as it is put by many of the academic rebels. He wants people to live in the country, or he implies that he does. He notes, with what one suspects is meant to be a very hostile reference, that most students in most colleges today come from urban society. This is inevitable in overwhelmingly urbanized America, nowhere more urbanized than in New Jersey where Mr. Kennan has an official residence. His plea for a return to the simple, rural life is no more plausible than the plea of Virgil:

O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint,
Agricolae!

Mr. Kennan preaches as the ideal of the New England

not be attainable today. After all, one of the most dramatic revolts took place in that admirable, not very small, but certainly rural college: Colgate University in up-State New York.

Of course, Mr. Kennan has some sensible things to say. It is insulting to the American Negro to assume that he has no responsibilities at all for his present situation, and that everything must be done for him, and nothing by him. But this hardly absolves the neighbours of Newark and New Brunswick from their duties. With that astonishing absence of sympathy and empathy which Mr. Kennan displays all through his lecture and through his summing-up, he tells us that the Northern states did not ask the Negroes to come from the South and create problems for these states. The Negroes might well retort that the Negro did not ask to be brought to the United States by the ancestors of the makers of the modern states.

Even in the bitterly contested field of an academic's duties at the present moment, Mr. Kennan is callously numb to the moral issues raised. He points out that people on a campus need not look at the recruiters for Dow Chemical. The inhabitants of Washington in 1850 did not need to see the slave markets, they did not need to buy or sell slaves; but even in that remote time it was thought that the capital of the United States should not be a slave market in a nation dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Nor does Mr. Kennan ever seem to have considered an objection to Pentagon contracts, an objection expressed in Britain as well as in the United States: that the imposition of secrecy is incompatible with the moral character of what used to be called the republic of letters.

It would be easy to give more examples of the astonishing chilliness with which Mr. Kennan regards not only the problems of the young but also the problems of other people at Princeton and elsewhere who have specific moral and educational duties towards the young. How is one to characterize, for example, the argument that students should not resent the draft for the army in Vietnam because, thanks to the development of medicine, their chances of life are better than they would have been forty years ago without serving in any army? More people may have been killed by the influenza epidemic in 1918 than were killed in war in that year, but war presented moral problems that the epidemic did not.

There is a way in which Mr. Kennan's sermon is of very great value. Courtiers of Louis XIV who went to call on the King of England, James VII and II, at Saint-Germain, needed no explanation of why he was in exile once they had heard him explain why he was in exile. If Mr. Kennan were representative of the American Academy, which he is not, no explanation of the student revolt would be needed. Mr. Kennan does not like the modern world, and in the modern world he likes least of all, so it almost appears, his own native country. If the Wasps (and Mr. Kennan is ostentatiously a Wasp) have nothing better to offer to the students of the American Academy, then the mandate of heaven has passed from them. Fortunately, Mr. Kennan is not representative; but that so great a scholar should speak in this way and write in this way is tragic. It is, however, more his tragedy than America's, for it is not absurd to say that there really is more future and more hope in the world represented by the not very attractive Mr. Rudd of the Columbia rebels, than in this permanent exile who candidly asserts his belief that enlightened despotism is the best form of government. The iron of years of Moscow has eaten into Mr. Kennan's soul, but most Americans have not undergone that ordeal.

Mr. Kennan rightly asserts that in some ways he is as revolutionary as are the most revolutionary of the students. But he is really a counter-revolutionary, or, in the strictest sense, a reactionary. His ideal of the small country college and the rural life, of the farmer surrounded by "his old contemporary trees", is archaic, utopian, and basically unattractive. Even if we ignore the addiction of many of the female inhabitants of the New England

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It has become a commonplace to say the peace settlement of 1919 settled and sowed the seeds of all the confusion and errors in Allied policies in Europe for the war period. This is notoriously true in Germany. Allied support of the Whites against the Bolsheviks in the Civil War also set a pattern which proved extraordinarily difficult to break. As has recently been marked, the Cold War began the moment the hot war stopped, and has gone on, with interruptions and relaxations, ever since. The device of playing on western fears of Bolshevism, skillfully exploited by Hitler in the 1930s, was already being used by the German leaders in 1919; indeed, the British may also have invented it. As late as 1939, the British Foreign Office was still voicing the dilemma which had confronted the peace-makers for security in 1919—whether to make Russia or the border states of Poland and Rumania as the counterweight to Germany; and once again fear of Bolshevism was one of the factors in the decision. Mr. Ullmann's book, though limited to the narrow field of British diplomacy in 1919, is a valuable contribution to many larger problems.

It is not that the discourse of an eminent scholar at the opening of a new library, even at a distinguished Quaker college, makes the front page or causes so much controversy as did Mr. Kennan's speech at Swarthmore. No doubt this is partly because it was reprinted in the Sunday magazine of the *New York Times*. But that again raises the question why it was reprinted and why it excited so much controversy, a controversy which still goes on.

There is one explanation which is valid so far as it goes. Mr. Kennan dared to attack in his Swarthmore address one of the sacred cows of American life almost as sacred as motherhood: he attacked the young, and he especially attacked the revolting students. For whether he intended or not, he explained in his very discourse why the young are so alienated, even in a normally conformist and conservative institution like Princeton, and why, to many persons, they seemed that Mr. Kennan was entirely cut off from the problem which he professed to be discussing. That he was cut off is made evident not only in the text of the original address but also in the letters he received and the reply he made to them, now printed together in *Democracy and the Student Left*.

Of course this is not a new story. In the *TLS* a year ago Mr. Kennan described, aptly, of his *Memoirs*, the whole, the first solution seemed to be an *empire à l'indienne*; and Mr. Ullmann, the second more practicable. Mr. Ullmann's lectures at Harvard, his comparison, sceptical of both solutions, thought less in terms of balance of power and more in terms of building up a barrier against Bolshevikism. This alienation from the United States meant a stable Germany; and Germany required, though an explicit opinion made this difficult to admit, relaxation in the penal conditions imposed by the victorious Powers. This dilemma the peace-makers at Versailles never escaped: it continued to dog policy for many years after.

First of all, this lecture gives very much the impression of a really deep and wide knowledge of the American academic scene. Secondly, although Mr. Kennan is one of the most distinguished American historians of his generation, he is not a distinguished historian of the United States. His written admirable memoirs, a good witness to the America he knew up in it. It is with astonishment that an American historian would read the introduction, in the first pages of which Mr. Kennan quotes Woodrow Wilson's speech at the College of New Jersey which was just becoming Princeton University. Wilson's very eloquent address was an appeal to "a pattern laid up in heaven". It was not, and could not be, a description of the Princeton which he hoped a different destiny, and no one knew better than Wilson, deeply that he as President of Princeton, how far Princeton and indeed most of the Ivy League colleges were from the ideal pattern he set up. It is Wilson's failure to break down some of the social barriers of Princeton, however much his failure was his fault, involved a great deal of Mr. Kennan's nostalgia for the Princeton of his own undergraduate days. After all, it is not only that Mr. Kennan does not report these days in his *Memoirs* with any great enthusiasm, but we have accounts of them from one of the most important Princeton graduates of that time, Francis Scott Key Fitzgerald. It is difficult to understand the exaggerated horror with which Mr. Kennan contemplates the costume of undergraduates today when one remembers the conks in coats, the feathered hats, the whole college apparatus of what has rightly been called "the era of beautiful nonsense". Are undergraduates today, however they dress, less serious than the generation in which one could



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Princeton was the question: had its team used signet rings as knuckle-dusters in a match against Harvard?

The 1920s were one of the drabest periods in American university life. The hopes of Wilson had been largely thwarted, and the "idiot", in the Greek sense, of the student bodies in very great American universities shocked British visitors, senior and junior. Does Mr. Kennan really want to go back to the torpidity or worse of the 1920s? Mr. Kennan professes to be surprised that the students of today are angered by many social problems that their parents or grandparents ignored. He asks a question which is an odd one coming from so great a scholar: why is this so? After all, he says, Pushkin did not worry about the state of the Russian peasantry, but Kropotkin did, although the condition of the peasantry had greatly improved. One might also mention Tolstoy as well as Kropotkin, or Alexander II as compared with Nicholas I. That criticism of the social order comes not when it is at its worst period, but when what Wordsworth called "effort and expectation and desire" is mounting, is a commonplace, one would have thought, since Tocqueville wrote *L'ancien Régime*. That Mr. Kennan is sometimes right, and that a good many students waste their time on political demonstrations when they should be working hard at their academic studies, is true; but the days of the "gentleman's grade" are not long in the past, nor are the days of party raids. That many of the student leaders often have no idea of what they are proposing to do, and that they propose to replace it with is true. But as active teachers could tell Mr. Kennan, very often the leaders in the revolts are among the best students intellectually and morally, and they have, to use a term that Swarthmore at least will understand, "a concern".

Almost everywhere that Mr. Kennan touches the delicate and dangerous subject of contemporary America he "cops out", as it is put by many of the academic rebels. He wants people to live in the country, or he implies that he does. He notes, with what one suspects is meant to be a very hostile reference, that most students in most colleges today come from urban society. This is inevitable in overwhelmingly urbanized America, nowhere more urbanized than in New Jersey where Mr. Kennan has an official residence. His plea for a return to the simple, rural life is no more plausible than the plea of Virgil:

O fortunatos numquam sua si bona norint, Agricolas!

Mr. Kennan preaches as the ideal

not be attainable today. After all, one of the most dramatic revolts took place in that admirable, not very small, but certainly rural college: Colgate University in up-State New York.

Of course, Mr. Kennan has some sensible things to say. It is insulting to the American Negro to assume that he has no responsibilities at all for his present situation, and that everything must be done for him, and nothing by his own hands. But this hardly solves the neighbours of Newark and New Brunswick from their duties. With that astonishing absence of sympathy and empathy which Mr. Kennan displays all through his lecture and through his summing-up, he tells us that the Northern states did not ask the Negroes to come from the South and create problems for these states. The Negroes might well retort that the Negro did not ask to be brought to the United States by the ancestors of the makers of the modern states.

Even in the bitterly contested field of an academic's duties at the present moment, Mr. Kennan is callously numb to the moral issues raised. He points out that people on a campus need not look at the recruiters for Dow Chemical. The inhabitants of Washington in 1850 did not need to see the slave markets, they did not need to buy or sell slaves; but even in that remote time it was thought that the capital of the United States should not be a slave market in a nation dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Nor does Mr. Kennan ever seem to have considered an objection to Pentagon contracts, an objection expressed in Britain as well as in the United States: that the imposition of secrecy is incompatible with the moral character of what used to be called the republic of letters.

It would be easy to give more examples of the astonishing chilliness with which Mr. Kennan regards not only the problems of the young but also the problems of other people at Princeton and elsewhere who have specific moral and educational duties towards the young. How is one to characterize, for example, the argument that students should not resent the draft for the army in Vietnam because, thanks to the development of medicine, their chances of life are better than they would have been forty years ago without serving in any army? More people may have been killed by the influenza epidemic in 1918 than were killed in war in that year, but war presented moral problems that the epidemic did not.

There is a way in which Mr. Kennan's sermon is of very great value. Courtiers of Louis XIV who went to call on the King of England, James VII and II, at Saint-Germain, needed no explanation of why he was in exile once they had heard him explain why he was in exile. If Mr. Kennan were representative of the American Academy, which he is not, no explanation of the student revolt would be needed. Mr. Kennan does not like the modern world, and in the modern world he likes least of all, so it almost appears, his own native country. If the Wasps (and Mr. Kennan is ostentatiously a Wasp) have nothing better to offer to the students of the American Academy, then the mandate of heaven has passed from them. Fortunately, Mr. Kennan is not representative; but that so great a scholar should speak in this way and write in this way is tragic. It is, however, more his tragedy than America's, for it is not absurd to say that there really is more future and more hope in the world represented by the not very attractive Mr. Rudd of the Columbia rebels, than in this permanent exile who candidly asserts his belief that enlightened despotism is the best form of government. The iron of years of Moscow has eaten into Mr. Kennan's soul, but most Americans have not undergone that ordeal.

Mr. Kennan rightly asserts that in some ways he is as revolutionary as are the most revolutionary of the students. But he is really a counter-revolutionary, or, in the strictest sense, a reactionary. His ideal of the small country college and the rural life of the farmer surrounded by "his old contemporary trees", is archaic, utopian, and basically unattractive. Even if we ignore the addiction of many of the female inhabitants of the New England

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landanum, they were narrow, constricted communities. Even Concord had its serious limitations!

Some of these Mr. Kennan can see fairly enough. He considers the ambiguities and even slightly comic character of Thoreau's civil disobedience. But he is so insistent on authority, on the duty of submission, of surrender of the active moral judgment of the citizen to the formally legitimate rules of the state, that there is not only no room in his ideal republic for a Thoreau but none for a Huck Finn. There are some who think that the decision of Huck, knowing he was breaking the laws of God and man, and accepting in

advance the deserved punishment for it, yet deciding to help Nigger Jim to steal himself, is the American equivalent of Antigone. In any case, there can be few readers of one of the greatest of American books who do not understand why Huck Finn reckoned he "got to light out for the Territory". No doubt a society cannot be built on the moral judgments of a Huck Finn. But a great many of the young men and women who anger Mr. Kennan so much are Huck Finns, and they are fighting out for the Territory. The alternative is the less attractive and less hopeful world of Miss Watson and Mr. Kennan.

AMBASSADOR WINANT

BERNARD BELLISH: *He Walked Alone*. 246pp. The Hague: Mouton, 30 guilders.

The representatives of the United States at the "Court of Saint James's" have been a remarkable lot. Four of them have become Presidents of the United States. There has been the great Adams dynasty: John Adams, John Quincy Adams, Charles Francis Adams. There have been distinguished men of letters like James Russell Lowell: there have been emissaries very representative of the administrations that sent them, for example, General Schenk under President Grant, and George Harvey under President Harding.

John Gilbert Winant was one of the most remarkable, if not one of the most important, American ambassadors. He owed something to his impressive Yankee appearance. He owed more to his obvious probity of character and his genuine good will. He owed a great deal to his succeeding Joe Kennedy, thus gaining from that Ambassador's unpopularity.

He Walked Alone is perhaps written too much from Winant's own point of view, but it is a useful addition to the history of American domestic politics and American

foreign policy under Roosevelt. Winant was in many ways an odd man. He failed to graduate from Princeton and got his teaching job at Saint Paul's School, one of the most famous of American "Prep" schools, because of his character and because of the fact that he was an old boy. He had a remarkable career as a Progressive Republican in the state of New Hampshire, not becoming a formal Democrat till 1936. He was one of the makers of the welfare state in America, and by the time the war had come his most important job, apart from his years as Governor of New Hampshire, was as head of the International Labor Office, which he moved to Canada.

From the public point of view, his embassy was a great success. He was, it is true, a very bad speaker. Even moderately competent speakers were embarrassed to have to speak on the same occasion as Ambassador Winant, because he always spoke much worse than they could manage, either by nature or by effort. He made one good speech, to the Durham miners under the supervision of Sam Watson, as Professor Bellush points out. But it was his character, not his oratory or his superficial glamour, that got Winant his special position. He was in many ways very open-minded. He would listen to people complaining about the weaknesses or worse in American foreign policy, e.g., towards General de Gaulle, and it only later became evident that the Ambassador carried very little weight in Washington. He was less of a stern moralist than might appear here: for example, Professor Bellush does not tell us that when he went up to Glasgow, the great Atlantic port for the American invasion of Europe, he insisted on seeing not only the regular installations on the Clyde but the great "flourish of strumpets" who welcomed the arriving Americans under the Central Station bridge.

But as the war went on, Winant became more and more disillusioned. He had lost the money he had made speculating in Texas oil wells, although the public still thought of him as a rich man. He was bypassed, in the Roosevelt manner, by Harry Hopkins and by other special emissaries of the President and, as the great expeditionary force was built up, by General Eisenhower. The embassy in Grosvenor Square was more and more cut off from all decision-making. It is easy to sympathize with Winant, and easy to see why he was side-tracked. He was extremely unbusinesslike: he no longer had any intrinsic political weight in New Hampshire. Any presidential ambitions he or his friends may have had were hardly even daydreams. His married life did not run on very smooth lines.

When victory came, Winant was already out of it and suffered in the general shifting around that followed the arrival of President Truman. It was distressing but not surprising that he committed suicide. (Professor Bellush does not discuss the theory that he had physical as well as moral reasons for this: that he suspected he was attacked by cancer.) A Plutarchian figure Winant certainly was. An important representative figure he also was. But his role during the war began as a secondary role and ended as much less than that. This is a sad story of a man of good will who was, again and again, prevented from carrying that good will into

COPS AND ROBBERS

JOHN HERSLEY: *The Algiers Motel Incident*. 397pp. Hamish Hamilton. £2 2s.

ALBERT HALPER (Editor): *The Chicago Crime Book*. 521pp. Souvenir Press. £2 2s.

The Algiers Motel Incident has great interest at this moment when one contemplates Spiro Agnew as Vice-President elect and, as it is always said in America, one heart-beat from the Presidency. Mr. Hersley's book, on one aspect of the race riots in Detroit, reminds us how even the most enlightened governors and mayors fail to deal with some of the least enlightened aspects of American governmental machinery, notably the police. The "Algiers Motel" was a dingy Negro slum boarding house on the edge of the black ghetto of Detroit. During the great riots three Negroes were killed by the police and by the National Guard. Mr. Hersley, now a distinguished academic as the Master of a Yale College, has no doubt that the Negroes were murdered and no doubt who murdered them, and he presents a very impressive case.

Some readers will find the dramatic method of narration rather trying, but Mr. Hersley is above all a novelist and the two most important political tracts he had written up to this date—*A Bell for Adano* and *Hiroshima*—got a great deal of their effect by his use of a novelist's skills. A very good tale of dramatic suspense and chronology enables the story to be followed pretty easily. Where Mr. Hersley's novelistic talents are best used is in his account of the interviews he had, above all his interviews with the police. The zealous Slovak policeman, Mr. Senek, is a wonderful and horrifying example of the results of that desire to punish which Nietzsche warns us against. Mr. Senek was, in normal times, if there are normal times in Detroit slums, an agent provocateur leading both "floodies" and "queers" into offences for which they could be arrested and punished. Some people will think his role as an agent provocateur only slightly less repulsive than his role as a murderer. (True, Mr. Senek has not been convicted, but in America these things are asserted or implied, as this book shows.)

The British reader will suffer a little from an inadequate knowledge of the background. He may be surprised at the role played by Canadians, but the centre of Detroit is only as far from the centre of Windsor, Ontario, as Piccadilly Circus is from the Elephant and Castle. (Indeed, it was the sight of Detroit in flames that reinforced the conviction of moral and political superiority of the inhabitants of Ontario.) The unfortunate use of the untrained National Guard as auxiliary police is endemic in America, as was shown in Newark, but the character of the National Guard is not sufficiently explained for the British reader; neither is the character of the Reserves, a body regarded by many Americans as a funk hole. And it should be remembered that Detroit, Wayne County, and the state of Michigan, are thought to have, and did in fact have, exceptionally highly qualified political leaders, notably Governor Romney and Mayor Cavanaugh.

Perhaps the most effective and useful part of this remarkable book is

its emphasis on the degree to which the Blacks think they are cut off from the Whites, and see white justice simply as another of the elaborate devices by which Whiteness keeps the Blacks down. There is not much comfort in this book for Michigan, but more might have been made of the long delay before President Johnson sent regular troops to Detroit, since it has been a uniform experience of the recent riots that the regular army handles these things much better than the police, the National Guard, or the Reserves.

A great deal of what is wrong with the American forces of order and a great deal that explains the ambiguity of the term "law and order", so much used as a panacea by Vice-President elect Agnew (and of course by many others), is made plain in *The Chicago Crime Book*. That is its chief merit and an unconscious merit.

Mr. Albert Halper seems, for a great deal of time, not to notice what he is saying about the Chicago police forces, or, indeed, about the social structure of Chicago. He begins by praising the style of the contributors to this anthology, though some of the contributors are newspaper men who are barely literate. Some have a baroque badness that would have appealed to Auberon Quinn, some have personal testimony to give, such as Clarence Darrow, the famous criminal defence lawyer, but the only contribution here which deserves any serious praise for its literary merits is that of the new Lord Rector of Edinburgh University, Mr. Kenneth Allsop—and Mr. Allsop is not an American or a resident of Chicago.

Chicago crime, on the whole, is extremely drab. Very few of the cases dealt with here are intrinsically interesting. The Leopold and Loeb case owes most of its importance to the defence of the two boys by Mr. Darrow. There are very few crimes or, indeed, very few puzzles as interesting in the history of Chicago crime as those in which New York, for example, is very rich. There is no equivalent to the Harry Thaw case or the Rosenthal case or to that magnificent potential film scenario, the extraordinary story of Mrs. Wood. Even the *crimes passionnels*, if they can be called that, do not compare with some of the most dramatic cases in New York or in New Brunswick, New Jersey.

Mr. Halper and others seem to resent the fact that Chicago is thought of mainly as a gangsters' town, but if one takes the gangsters out, there is not very much left. It is such triumphs as the Saint Valentine's Day massacre (now best remembered for its part in starting off the story of *Some Like It Hot*) and the rubbing out of Dion O'Banion that justify this book, if anything does. Mr. Halper does report the fondness of the gangsters for sending lavish commemorative wreaths to the funerals of their rivals and victims, but he does not quote the admirable jest in Edgar Wallace's *On the Spot* in which one of the Big Chief's henchmen (now

called "cohorts") asked, "Would it be cheaper to grow out a flower?"

Then there are difficulties caused by the fact that some of these are lifted from books. It is only near the end of *The Chicago Crime Book* that the readers, who studied Mr. Darrow's account of the saved Leopold and Loeb from execution, learn a little, and a good too little, of the subsequent case of the two experimental murderers. Then one of the most dramatic episodes in the history of gang war in and around Chicago, the killing of John Dillinger, is not set out in its intelligible historical context. There is no mention here, for example, of the belief widespread in Chicago at the time that it was police of East Chicago (which is Indiana, not in Illinois) who shot and killed Dillinger, the chance of seeing one of their comrades had been given to them by the generosity of the F.B.I. Nor has much credit been done. There is no mention until very near the end of the book of the complicated political struggle of Cook County, and without knowledge of that old agglomeration that recalls the last days of the Roman Empire it is not easy to understand, for example, the role Cicero as the citadel of the Bradys, Al Capone.

Even the important question of financing of the gang war is not well handled. We can have only loose estimates of what the great leaders collected. Yet figures are harmonized. Thus, it is asserted Dillinger had only \$10,000 and this would make it difficult for him to get to Mexico. Even today, if you want to risk the Mann Act, you take yourself and your girl friend to Mexico for a good deal less than \$10,000. But before Dillinger rubbed out, it was widely believed knowledgeable circles in Chicago he was broke, and when he was he had in his possession, as we from this book, \$7,500. In the way, we are told with a great deal of dramatics that Al Capone, and "to win friends and influence people", gave them diamond gold belt buckles. But we learn later from the government evidence when Al Capone was prosecuted evasion of income tax, that these cost on the average about £100, as was as thifty as general rumour suggested. This is not to say that they are not a good many interesting crime stories in this book. For example, there is the curious story of the railroad (if it was that) of Roger Tuohy over a kidnapping, which might have been arranged by alleged victim. This mystery has been completely cleared up, any that has the mystery of the kidnapping of a living and important French politician.

The Chicago Crime Book "good read" for the uncritical as a picture of Chicago crime it is very successful and suggests, in this aspect, as in others, Chicago "the hog butcher" rather than dedicated artist.

SELF-INFLICTED ORPHAN

VICTORIA LINCOLN: *A Private Disgrace*. 317pp. Gollancz. 35s.

On a hot summer day of 1892 in the New England town of Fall River, Lizzie Borden took an axe, and what she did with it everyone knows. Victoria Lincoln was a Fall River girl too, and when, in her childhood, she asked her mother about the heavy-jowled woman everyone was so odd about, she was told that Miss Borden had done something very nasty to her father and her mother.

As so often happens, trying to put a child off resulted only in turning it on, and Victoria Lincoln became obsessed with the Lizzie Borden case to the point of doing substantial research on it, tracing with difficulty Court records and adding her own special knowledge, both as a woman and as a local woman. Both in this case, have great importance, especially the former, and in the latter,

sible to accept most of Miss Lincoln's intelligent theorizing.

Her principal inference is that Lizzie Borden, who, though acquitted, undoubtedly did the murders, suffered from epilepsy of the temporal lobe, a condition likely to become acute during menstrual periods especially if emotional exacerbation is present. The particular exacerbation Miss Lincoln assumes, a probable second alienation of property from Lizzie and her sister to the already hated step-mother, is equally convincing. Only one major point remains unexplained: why the father, back from his fruitless visit to the bank, lay down to have a rest without trying to discover why his wife had failed to meet him there.

vides much interest for social historians, especially in its revelation of the domestic horrors of hypochondria and feeding in a middle-class American home in the 1890s.

The ten volumes of the *Gra Larousse Encyclopédique* have been brought up to date with a *Supplément* (Paris: Larousse, 915, 120fr.). As well as modernizing graphics, bibliographies and biographies, the *Supplément* records all new words and new shades of meaning in words and contains new articles on disciplines that have flourished in past decades. There are 1,940 illustrations, sixty-eight maps in black and white, thirty-two pages of

Fiction

FOG OF SELF-ESTEEM

THOMAS WOLFE: *You Can't Go Home Again*. 600pp. Heinemann. £2 10s.

C. HIGH HOLMAN and SUF FIELDS ROSS (Editors): *The Letters of Thomas Wolfe to his Mother*. 320pp. University of North Carolina Press. London: Oxford University Press. £4 1s.

"Call me Samson", Wolfe might have cried, tearing the last illusions of his native Asheville, of Nazi Germany, of the Depression in ruins about his head. These chunks and splinters, posthumously assembled, if not making a novel exactly, mark his grave with a fitting cairn.

Many writers confront the problem: how to complete an autobiography in the act of living it. But Thomas Wolfe was consumed by the task. Constantly he harped on the mystery of shaping his novels. With a diarist's urgency he caught at every passing nuance. Yet his *Odyssey* without an Ithaca, his train journey from departure platform to departure platform, suggests panic flight rather than a quest with any purpose or hope of discovery.

The Web and the Rock, published posthumously in 1939, was followed by the last instalment of this meandering course: *You Can't Go Home Again* (1940). George Webber remains the hero, caught in the web of his existence, which is the web of his consciousness.

That was a giant web in which I was caught, the product of my huge inheritance—the torrential recollectiveness, derived out of my mother's stock, which became a living, million-fibred integument that bound me to the past, not only of my own life, but of the very earth from which I came, so that nothing in the end escaped from its involved and all-feeling explorativeness.

The result is a vast, unwieldy package, part essay, part prose-poem, with a short story stuffed in here, the shoot of a social novel sprouting there. Wolfe hungered for raw experience: the derelicts of the subway stations, the unemployed squatting all night on the doorless stools of the public latrines. "Give 'em hell," says Lloyd McHarg (a fellow-novelist). "You've got the feeling for 'em." And the most vital fragments of this package are the most casual encounters: a Manhattan waiter (his *Ballad of the Sad Café*), an affectionately observed London car, or a bankrupt schoolmaster (his *Drum of a Salesman*). The whole *Passage to England* ("Exile and Discovery") suggests there was more in him of Arnold Bennett than any fancied rivalry with Joyce. His nineteenth-century novelist, turned wholly in upon himself. And it is on this rock of self-esteem that the whole grandiose scheme was shipwrecked.

For here is a novel about a novelist writing a novel: but far from creating some marvellous Proustian mirror of

time and art, Wolfe was only concerned with that marvellous fictional device of eating your cake and keeping it. He probes his most sensitive wounds. He slaps down the vicious world, grasping at his mind, his fame, his gangling body, his hillbilly charm—only, in the end, to ditch them. It is an act of vengeance, Aline Bernstein, his onetime mistress, is transposed to Esther Jack; Maxwell Perkins, his onetime editor, to Fuxhall Edwards; Sinclair Lewis, to Lloyd McHarg. The autobiographical novel is transformed instantly into the *roman à clef*; a single Manhattan party, surveyed with the leisure of *Buddenbrooks*, to be lost again in the all-encompassing fog of self-indulgence, till Wolfe drowned, as he realized, in his own "secrections".

The aim is explicit: To use myself to the top of my bent. To use everything I have. To spit the uglier dry, squeeze out the last drop, until there is nothing left. And if I use myself as a character, to withhold nothing, to try to see and paint myself as I am—the bad along with the good, the shoddy alongside of the true—just as I must try to see and draw every other character.

But the frame, the pattern, the web, evaded him.

Does this reissue, then, herald a Wolfe revival? A star of the thirties to greet a new vogue for the thirties—and for confessional novels? But this prose-Whitman, crossing nightly

from Brooklyn with his thin-spun love for mankind, his sponge-like vocabulary, his catalogue-eye for railway stations, cemeteries, anonymous faces at windows, was merely playing the great American novelists. The watchful, stammering eye of a Thoreau is fuzzed with a hit-or-miss impressionism.

Yet the satire is often acute: aimed at the property-developing Babbits of the South; at a mania ride with Sinclair Lewis from Mayfair into remotest Surrey; at a journey by train out of Berlin. He glimpsed the impending tragedy of Europe, as he grasped the inner "tragedy" of America—"home of advertising, salesmanship, and special pleading in all its many catchy and beguiling forms".

"Look Homeward" he invariably did, yet he couldn't go home again. A new transcript of the correspondence with his mother (scrupulously edited) is a reminder how close he remained all his life to Asheville and its still centre, Julia Wolfe (the "Eliza Gant" of the novel), who survived her son by seven years. A ceaseless flow of letters and picture postcards asserted his devotion and independence, loneliness and fame. But these letters, too, in the end, create an illusion, a species of filial lie—special pleading in one of "its many catchy and beguiling forms". The very act of writing these letters—those ledgers—in the end became the legend.

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TECHNOMYSTICAL

JOHN LEONARD: *Crybaby of the Western World*. 308pp. Macdonald. £2 2s.

Stanhope Cronopios, "poet of Long Beach", is approached by a publisher who, before he will accept Stanhope's manuscript, requires evidence of the myth that it describes. Thus, Virgil and Dante of the Technological Age (the parallel is stressed rather than suggested), the poet and publisher descend into a mirage-world of cybernetics, transcendentalism, political activism and a neologism is almost obligatory) technomysticism. It is a verbal underworld, a sea of logorhemy, in which hell is other people's analyses. The characters are emotional mutants of the Plastic Society, participants in a complex and interminable happening.

John Leonard's purpose would seem to be not so much parody as sabotage. His vision of the moral

and intellectual decadence of the Western World is nightmarish, sometimes bitingly funny. The book is a welter of improbable metaphors, outrageous puns, slick aphorisms and unforgivable verse. Sundry famous authors are sent up and put down; literary and philosophical fashions have their noses severely tweaked. "I'm a mainliner on abstractions", says Stanhope, Nor is he alone; each character exists to illustrate an abstract proposition. But the concern with language—its parody—makes for a carefully induced aridity (which is the climate of Long Beach and it is this which makes the book quite unapproachable at times. It becomes, in fact, a joke at its own expense—labyrinthine, indefatigably allusive, almost (to borrow a term from Mr. Leonard) the ultimate hang-up.

YELLOWING PAGES

DEREK STANFORD (Editor): *Short Stories of the 'Nineties*. 253pp. John Baker. 36s.

Mr. Stanford's companion volume to his *Poets of the 'Nineties* is built along rather the same lines. It contains fifteen stories by fifteen different writers, all of them except one published in the 1890s, each equipped with a short biographical introduction and the whole thing prefaced with a general introduction outlining the situation of the English short story in the period.

As an anthology pure and simple Mr. Stanford's book has a lot to be said for it. His limitations are reasonable: that he has excluded altogether authors who do not seem to him "Ninetyish" in favour of those gathered round Henley on the *National Observer*, for instance—and has left out Wilde, Beerbaum and George Moore because their stories are both easily accessible and in general too long for convenient inclusion. Fair enough, though Henry James is not exactly an inaccessible author—either, and he figures with "The Middle Years". Otherwise Mr. Stanford chooses stories which will be well known to students of the period, such as Frederick Wedmore's "A Chemist in the Suburbs", Ernest Dowson's "The Dying of Francis Donne", Hubert Crackenthorpe's "Rabbits", and

no doubt come fresh to the general reader.

So the general reader will have quite a bit to be grateful to Mr. Stanford for. Not, though, for his biographical introductions, which are really unforgivably slipshod. Surely someone, somewhere, should have noticed that the Henry James story everyone has heard of appears as "The Turning of the Screw"? Less easy to detect at a glance are the numerous errors of detail: the memoir of Corvo alone

has at least half-a-dozen errors of date, misstatements about his relations with his contemporaries (Vincent O'Sullivan, for instance, was a contemporary of Corvo at Oscott, not one of Corvo's pupils) and generally misleading inferences. Admittedly Mr. Stanford does not claim to have produced a work of original scholarship, but it is a pity the "biographical" part of his book does not begin to match in usefulness the anthology itself.

MICROCOSMICAL

DESMOND GREIG: *The Country House*. 217pp. Macmillan. 30s.

"Telephoned, Perdix accepted and on Friday afternoon drove off with Cardhandler to the country house he had casually said he did not know the name of or who was the host. Two hundred and seventeen pages later he, and we, are not much wiser. Perdix sleepwalks through a nightmarish series of shifting, discontinuous relationships with a selection of monstrous characters, including a

ideal woman, Miss Lagoon, either is or is not an ally in his attempts to break out of the growing conformity which progressively affects the other cipher guests in the tatty house.

The main lines of the book are neither new nor startling. This Marlenbad-style exercise is completely suffocated by a surfeit of "poetic" language and an inflated obscurity of incident which ridiculous veils some pretty banal obser-

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Art

FIELDING'S STYLE

**A Commentary
on the
Collected
Poems of
W. B. Yeats**

RYLAND BERENSON: *Italian Pictures of the Renaissance. Central Italian and North Italian Schools*. Edited by Luisa Vertova. Volume I. 533pp. of text. Volume II. 994 illustrations. Volume III. 994 illustrations. Phaidon. £13 10s. the set.

A. Norman Jeffares

Raphael, that the tapestry cartoons in London number nine not seven and include cartoons for the "Stoning of St. Stephen" and the "Conversion of St. Paul". A brief visit to the room in which these works are shown, or failing that a glance at any

standard book on Raphael, would have shown that the two supplementary cartoons were a figment of the imagination. The next entry is even more mysterious: it reads, "Cartoon for the Massacre of the Innocents (on loan from the Spedale degli Innocenti)". The term Spedale degli Innocenti was used in the 1936 lists as a convenient equivalent for Foundling Hospital and the cartoon has not been shown in the museum to which it is assigned for almost thirty years. Why is the year 1511 recorded as the date of the "Parnassus" in the Stanza della Segnatura when no reference is made to the same date on the architrave of

the window beneath the "Justice
lunette opposite? Why, for this
matter, do the new lists include
many ill-founded approxima-
tions? Certainly Berenson would
not have approved of entrin-
g like two in the list for Paccius-
otto, where we find in close
proximity a "Madonna" at Ori-
giano with the gloss "replica
Oxford?" and a "Madonna
Oxford with the gloss "replica
Origiano?" He would have seen
as Dr. Vertova does not, that a
painting at Origiano is a modern
copy of the original at Oxford.

It would be wrong, however, to end on a captious or critical note. The old Berensonian concept of artistic personality may have been diluted; and the old rigidity of method may

TEXTUAL TRIUMPH

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PICTORIAL POSTMORTEM

Hughes is surely stretching his argument to fit Poussin's *Et in Arcadia Ego* into his theme. The inspiration of that work is closer to the Stoic philosophy which dominated Poussin's later years of ill-health than to horticulture.

The subject of Hell clearly fascinates Mr. Hughes. He describes a some length the well-known literary sources of the imagery of Hell and its inhabitants; Persian mythology, the Old and New Testaments, Virgil, the *Vision of Tundale*, Dante, &c. And the old favourites appear once more: sculpture from the facades of certain French and Italian churches, and familiar works by Giotto, Francesco Traini, Taddeo di Bartolo, Fra Angelico, Signorelli, Botticelli, Bosch, Bruegel, and the

followers, Callot, Goya and Blake. This is less interesting and original than his chapters on Heaven, for other picture books have already introduced the non-specialist to most of his illustrations. And some of the illustrations, such as the monster from Schadel's *Nuremberg Chronicle*, are peripheral to his main argument. Others which illustrate changes in the pictorial treatment of Hell are more interpreted. Thus he traces the transformation of the mouth of Hell from a structure which is half beast to a half building in Bruegel, to an architectural ruin with a beast's mouth in Herri met de Bles, to end up at a park kiosk in Paulin. An interesting

It could be assumed from the listing of the text with contemporary references to Vietnam, Mick Jagger, Hippies, Disneyland, Norman Mailer, Peale, &c., that the book is intended for the general reader. If Mr. Hughes wanted to do art history for the non-artists, he could have written much to imitate in the admirably stylish and accessible *Guinness* by the Witkowers, and Haskell, who is accurate and entertaining without resorting to jokiness. If he wanted to improve on them, then he had to leave the rich and almost completely unexplored field of economic, social, and social history in which changes in stylistic presentation have taken place. What Mr. Hughes has provided is highly entertaining but distasteful art journalism; and for such

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MacGibbon & Kee Granada Publishing

imaginative, industry almost on one's consciousness of the novel itself. The textual introduction alone is nearly a hundred pages long, ever clear and never prolix; and the textual notes, listed under the headings, fill more than another hundred. And other editorial niceties still remains should this grotesque. The editors appear to have thought of everything and faced with such intelligent care it would be insolence to offer to pick out detail or two with them out of determination to disagree. They should be congratulated warmly to be finally to stand or fall by their principles, they have chosen to side.

Julian Hawthorne's filial writings on his father and his family and friends, have stood for a long time. They give that sense of intimacy that never comes from later scholarship, however detailed and imaginative. The books are well enough known, but these pleasant reprints will make them more generally available. And one making Nathaniel Hawthorne

LENIN
lected Works
volume 40

The first complete edition of Lenin's writings to appear in English has now reached volume 40 containing his *Notebooks on the Agrarian Question* compiled between 1900 and 1916. These formed the preparatory material for his major works on the development of capitalist agriculture in Russia, Western Europe and the USA, and for his formulation of policies for the revolutionary movement in the countryside and the alliance of workers and peasants. Of special interest is the tremendous amount of statistical and factual data he gathered and analysed in order to reach his conclusions.

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Psychology and Sociology

CONVERGERS AND DIVERGERS

LIAM HUDSON: *Frames of Mind*. 134pp. Methuen. 25s.

Professor Hudson is a rarity in the divided world of psychological research. He avoids the narrow tracks beaten by neo-behaviourist and psychoanalysts; and while similarly enterprising spirits sometimes fail to please either faction, only the most rigid specialist will want to find fault here. The ordinary alert reader (and any psychologist who has remained human) will be grateful for a stimulating study that combines research techniques with psychodynamic insights, all this, and lucidity and wit too.

Frames of Mind extends and refines the findings of *Courtesy Inquiries* in which the author identified in studies of schoolboys the typically "convergent" and "divergent" psychology of the science and the arts specialist: the one interested in reliability, clarity, questions having an unambiguous answer, the other in variety, ambiguity, open-ended questions. That stimulating study suffered only from the inevitable disadvantages of "either-or" classifications, which tend to lull readers, simplify facts, and run away from their authors against their best intentions. Here (disarming such criticism with a frank discussion of limitations) he has further explored the converger-diverger distinction in a series of ingenious linked studies, using groups of public and grammar school pupils—admittedly unrepresentative of the total school population. Again dividing them into convergers and divergers by the balance

of their scores on tests of conventional intelligence and of imagination, he then used a variety of questionnaires in a variety of ways to assess the two groups' attitudes to authority, family, school curriculum, and their own self-perceptions and choice of studies. Though the influence of sex and school setting is suggested rather than explored, on the whole the converger-diverger polarity held good and was consistently associated with the idea and choice of masculinity, control, authority at one end of the scale, and femininity, pleasure, emotion at the other end. This is valuable in considering the background to sixth-formers' university and career choices; but do the young converger-scientists and diverger-artists really fit their stereotypes, or learn to fit them? Another series of experiments suggests an answer. This time the guinea-pigs were asked to fill in questionnaires, first as Higgins, the dedicated computer engineer, and then as McMeice, the well-known Bohemian artist. Convergers and divergers alike went to town on McMeice; a few excerpts are quoted but most were unprintable. The individual's fluency and style of behaviour, the author suggests, are not fixed, but regulated by context and choice.

But with the choosing comes stereotyping. In choosing a career and a style of life, the individual is not solely concerned in acquiring certain skills at the expense

of others, in picking up one slice of corporate culture and ignoring the rest. Rather, he is involved in a choice among selves that already exist inside him. My interest lies in the individual's capacity for choice: his freedom to select one aspect of a myth rather than another in establishing his personal identity and in the relation of these choices to the abilities and temperamental qualities he shows.

This is a fine and resonant statement; one is reminded of William James' "two mutually exclusive trains of future fact, both sweet and good and with no strictly objective or imperative principle of choice between them: one shall forevermore become impossible, while the other shall become reality".

It would be absurd to claim that the handful of studies reported here rise to these implications, but they are a starting point for further exploring—in particular, now that the extremes have been described, of the complexities and exceptions and of the middle-of-the-road men who keep a balance between convergent and divergent thinking. And the book is perhaps more valuable for its view of the possibilities and limitations of such research on human personality than for any particular piece of fact-finding. It gives one hope that the scholarly disciplines of the social sciences are capable of producing books about people, for people. Let us look forward to education that can produce fewer simple convergers and divergers and more writers like Professor Hudson.

GERMANY ON THE COUCH

ALEXANDER and MARGARETE MITSCHERLICH: *Die Unfähigkeit zu trauern*. 372pp. Munich: Piper. DM 24.

Since Freud wrote *Das Unbehagen in der Kultur*, psychoanalysts have tried hard to examine and explain social troubles as though they were expressions of individual psychopathology. The results have not been among the happier extensions of psychoanalytic thought. Unfulfilled predictions and widely divergent interpretations of the same phenomena strew the field; they justify Freud's caution in regard to practical inferences:

If the evolution of civilization has such a far-reaching similarity with the development of an individual, and if the same methods are employed in both, would not the diagnosis be justified that many systems of civilization have become neurotic under the pressure of civilizing trends? To analytic dissection of these neuroses therapeutic recommendations might follow which could claim a practical interest. I would not say that such an attempt to apply psychoanalysis to civilized society would be fanciful or doomed to fruitlessness.

Alexander and Margarete Mitscherlich are not so tentative in *Die Unfähigkeit zu trauern*. They are profoundly troubled by the evidential connexion between the psychosocial flexibility of attitude and conduct in contemporary Germany and its

intensive capacity for shutting out the unwelcome facts of the Third Reich. They believe despondently that their efforts to clarify the origins and survival of the misanthropic characteristic of Hitler's Germany will bear little fruit because there is today a powerful resistance to psychological explanation. They expect to be attacked, especially on the score of their method; but the psychoanalytic method, they insist, is essential for understanding the emotional forces of guilt and hate which had free play during the Nazi regime and are still at work.

Their indictment is unsparring, and (as they recognize) such denunciation now has a close affinity, psychologically, to the boundless self-reproach of the melancholic. They hope that the new generation, less burdened with guilt, will be able to look at aspects of national life hitherto taboo, and see the whole picture clear:

We have to do with a colossal load of guilt which resists any such enlightenment; but the search for truth about the past is the first step towards getting rid of the repetition-compulsion, which has made history for us in a terrible fashion; for the sake of our descendants

we must prevent it from perpetuating guilt as destiny, in the Greek sense.

Professor and Mrs. Mitscherlich are acutely alive to the novelty of many of the problems that today confront us all. They hold that the only chance of making headway against overwhelming and unprecedented threats is by an educational revolution, which should cultivate independence and combat prejudices nascently as moral precepts.

It is characteristic of the pitfalls in this sort of inquiry that the authors, broadcasting just ahead of the Cohn-Bendit era, entered upon a detailed explanation (here published in amended form) of the psychological reasons why the younger generation in West Germany is uninterested in politics. Their alleged apathy in this respect is attributed to their inability to identify themselves with an ideal father-figure, so that there has ensued a general indifference towards ideals and a concern only for material values.

Brain-washing à la chinoise is among the many topics on which Professor Mitscherlich is psychoanalytically illuminating. It is held to be a process of compulsory regression. The victim sees himself as delivered over to a power immensely superior to him physically and conforming to no evident code of justice or conduct: this is a situation "which exactly corresponds to that of a young child", and evokes memories of that early phase of development. The helpless prisoner is fettered so that he is dependent on others for fulfilling the most primitive needs, and he is insistently urged by some of his fellow-prisoners to give up his bourgeois ideas: "He is thus thrown back into what is almost exactly a family situation, with parents and elder brother and sisters." The introjected social commands then exert a disrupting "thawing" effect on his old social ego, while the new super-ego impositions "freeze" into place. It may all be true, but it calls up a dire picture of family life.

Whether its psychoanalytic interpretations are valid or not, this is an alarming book. The authors are sincere, experienced psychiatrists who know their fellow-Germans well. They detect in their minds many lively relics of the Third Reich, and few convincing pressures of healthy

PERSUADERS

DICK SUMPSON: *The Mad Old Ads*. 127pp. W. H. Allen. 30s.D. S. COWAN and R. W. JONES: *Advertising in the 21st Century*. 111pp. Hutchinson. 30s.ALEXANDER WILSON: *Advertising and the Community*. 231pp. Macmillan. University Press. £2 2s.

The national involvement with marketing as an essential ingredient of our future economic success has been mounting. It has now reached the point where, in 1969, we are being launched into Marketing Year. Managers in the so-called private sector will be subjected to a flood of exhortation, encouragement and tuition opportunities. These are all aimed at convincing them, small and large alike, that the consumer and the market (and not their production processes) must be the starting point in their planning cycles.

Yet the present Labour Government gives the impression of seeing little contradiction in actively promoting marketing and the marketing concept, while maintaining an implacable opposition to one of its major elements—advertising. On the other hand, business leaders are committed to heavy advertising and marketing research budgets while remaining reluctant about committing themselves to marketing as such with all its implications for planning and organization.

The three books under review can provide a very reasonable diet for any interested participant in marketing who wishes to see this essential feature in its different contexts. *The Mad Old Ads* would probably be called by some, bad old ads. It is an inspired, facsimile collection of classified and display advertisements of a less inhibited generation, at least commercially. It should also induce satisfaction and nostalgia in the advertising man who can relish the freedom in the opponents of advertising when they see the targets of which they have been deprived by being born too late.

One agreeable example is the statement by the widow Jobbins on her late husband's gravestone, advertising his long-established Tripe and Trotter business with the footnote "Reader pause and note the Address". More sophisticated addicts may prefer Ferric Odyline Insoles, which, apart from curing rheumatic pains, chronic coughs, hardened spleen, asthma, consumption, neuragic pains and insomnia, strike a more modern note:

When business cares o'ertax the brain, and leave the body lean and lean, Would you your nervous force regain, Then wear the Ferric Odyline.

PACKAGERS

ROBERT E. MUELLER: *The Science of Art. The Cybernetics of Communication*. 352pp. Rapp and Whiting. £2 15s.

Mr. Mueller releases at high pressure, and not always comprehensibly, a terrific flow of words. Some derive from "kybernetisch", others from Latin (but what is a media?) and more still from the many authors he has read and whom he cites continually. Wherever the words come from they crash on, as relentlessly as Niagara, to power a turbine generating ceaseless statements. These demand, but do not get, careful examination both for what they contain and for what they imply.

Consider this example: "Man, immersed in a reality that is impressive and immediate, is the initial situation for art-generation." This would seem to be comparing him to a rutting hippopotamus in a muddy tropical pond; but no, if one looks more closely, he is not even a living being but a mere "situation".

Again: "What is actually communicated in art is a sensual and creative enlargement of our perception of human existence, morally and intellectually, both emotional and otherwise." Not fun, or delight, or understanding.

And yet again: "The poem becomes one of the most efficient encoding packages possessed by man. Consider the density of ideas in a

poem, a worthy prize-winning essay must represent the views of an advertising people regarding the future of the advertising agency." The practical viewpoint is not always as deeply rooted in the agency as they would have been in a philosophical treatise. The subject of a model of advertising agency development... could have been avoided: a model has other connotations today. Also not all will agree that we are coming to a general acceptance that Awareness leads to Comprehension and on to Action.

What is very welcome though, is a book which talks about the future of the agency business, on an assumption that it will survive. Whether this will turn out to be a forecast remains to be seen, but the book is an excellent statement of position and possibilities for the agency and its managers, and for the senior managers of businesses with whom they have relationships. It is a serious book about the present, authors range from Francis Baker, M.P., Kenneth Simmons of the Manchester Business School, W. McMillan of the *Guardian* to Elizabeth Ackroyd of Consumer Council. The article is grouped in sections: "Why Advertisers?", "Advertising and Publicity", "Forms of Control", "The Consumer Interest". From giving a fair and balanced view of views and reasoning, the book is very informative. The statistics could well have been brought up to date, even if this involved estimating, but this minor defect does not detract from one of the best books on advertising that has yet appeared. Few would disagree with the editor, Alexander Wilson, in the final essay he says:

If we want a better advertising industry we need rather more rational balanced criticism than the industry has in the past. It would be useful to get beyond the usual confrontation between the critics and defenders of advertising to a situation in which all parties, including relatively uncommitted academics and realistically-minded representatives of consumer interest, could develop a more healthy and constructive dialogue.

Commonwealth and Empire

CURRENCY LADS AND LASSES

C. M. H. CLARK: *A History of Australia*. Volume II: New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land, 1822-1838. 364pp. Melbourne University Press. London: Cambridge University Press. £4 4s.

This is, indeed, a strange history by a strange historian. Who else but Professor Manning Clark would have essayed to tell "of what happened in New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land in the years from the departure of Macquarie at the end of 1821 to 1838" and leave out such imposing themes as land, immigration and education? For these were the years which saw the piecemeal transformation of at least the mother colony from an ostensible agricultural settlement for convicts and ex-convicts with a small annex of free immigrants into a wealthy and swelling pastoral colony supporting large-scale pauper immigration; so wealthy and attractive, indeed, that in 1838 the Molesters committee could plausibly judge it no longer a fit receptacle for British criminals. Accordingly most historians who have tackled this period on any scale none has done so as intensively as Professor Clark) have seen land and immigration as the very warp and woof of its history, not as mere addenda to be relegated to discussion in the next volume along with South Australia, Western

Australia, Port Phillip and Moreton Bay. Yet it is certainly refreshing to be freed for once from the customary obsessions of colonial historians with economic history. And it is a measure both of Professor Clark's intense conviction and of his finesse that, having chosen his mission, he carries it out superbly well. In effect this mission could more precisely be defined as the evocation of the climate of opinion in the two senior colonies (the attention to Van Diemen's Land is particularly welcome) and of the personalities of at least some of their inhabitants. The first volume of Professor Clark's *History* described the coming of European civilization to the South Seas: this one conjures up the embryonic civilizations which began to take root there, in particular the pathetically pretentious new gentility, the burgeoning bourgeoisie, and the first generation of native-born—the "currency lads and lasses". Such a remote little community naturally still bore traces of what has been called the Botany Bay madness, but it also saw the first conscious identification with their new land celebrated in Wentworth's Anniversary Dinner (last in 1825;

"The land, boys, we live in!" In other words it is a kind of cultural history and should be judged as such; indeed, it is really the relocation of education (apart from passing references to volume III which in this context is the oddest decision of all.

But this is cultural history of a peculiar kind. Though the influence of W. K. Hancock can be detected at more than one point, it is not really a history of Australian ideas or even attitudes; nor is it a comprehensive history of cultural institutions or an attempt to paint the changing face of colonial society. Professor Clark is not much interested in appearances. It is still, above all, *narrative* history, and as sheer story-telling the second volume is even more of a *tour de force* than the first. (It is not irrelevant that the author is an accomplished short story writer as well as historian.) For here Professor Clark writes with a more relaxed confidence and a more universal compassion. Even his own lugubrious ancestor, the Reverend Samuel Marsden (who was rather severely dealt with earlier), is now gently brought to his deathbed in 1838 with profound understanding, and the same gen-

erosity of spirit is applied to John Macarthur, dying rich but raving mad after establishing his family as gentry and pioneering the wool industry. The battle of the gentle, liberal governor Bourke against the "colonial Tories" is sympathetically traced, and William Charles Wentworth, the Australian-born son of a convict mother and relative of the FitzWilliams, who is the effective hero and anti-hero of the book, is comprehended with an empathy which makes sense of his passions and ambitions. And once again the device of adopting the characteristic idiom and metaphor of the period in describing it adds acutely to the sense of historical reality.

Yet, though these methods triumph they do carry certain inherent dangers. So intense, for example, is the author's concentration on giving life to his characters at every encounter that he occasionally becomes repetitious: potted biographical backgrounds appear and re-appear almost as if he had forgotten that the introductions had already been performed. At the same time, his fascination with the dialectical conflict he sees in the hearts of men gives him a predilection for those persons in whom such a struggle can be documented and dramatically exposed: whether such people were in any sense representative is another matter.

The use of the period English has its difficulties too: it is not always clear, for instance, how far the author is committing himself to the godlike judgments implicit in much of the morally heavily laden language, and the too frequent use of particular phrases or metaphors (e.g. "my lord Bathurst" and "Ishmael") sometimes brings his style uncannily close to caricature. Yet the fact remains that the combination of an idiosyncratic orientation and an idiosyncratic

technique has produced a most distinctive and distinguished study of British colonial history.

Other criticisms cannot diminish this achievement. It may be sad that even if land is postponed, the Ripon Regulations do not even figure by name in the index; it may be disappointing that the precise circumstances in which New South Wales first received a legislature are not explored. But these matters are linked to a more general criticism: that overall so little attention is given to the British background and to the incessant flow of ideas as well as individuals between London and Sydney. It sometimes seems that, having brought European civilization to Australia, the author feels that, except on special occasions, that was the end of it. True, there is a vigorous opening chapter entitled "Darkness", on the conditions of the lower orders at home (based largely on *The Times* files), but that scarcely meets the need. No doubt there will be more about the Australian laborer in Westminster when we return to Wakefield in the next volume, but it is still a pity, since the Molesters committee is discussed here, that more is not made of it. The reader would hardly guess from this summary account that Molesters was little more than the front man of the Wakefield clique.

Moreover, though the author brings together material culled from all over the world, the use made of British archives seems really to have been highly selective. In this, of course, Professor Clark is in good company—that of virtually all Australian historians. Yet most of the major decisions which determined the course of Australian history in these years were made in England by Englishmen, and microfilming programmes have not yet brought all the relevant archives within embrace of Sydney or Canberra.

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RADICAL REACTION

BERNARD PORTER: *Critics of Empire*. 369pp. Macmillan. £3 10s.

The genesis of *Critics of Empire* is unpromising. It began life as a fellowship dissertation, and became a Ph.D. thesis. It is loaded down with those relentless footnotes, half of them unnecessary, by whom which academic scholarship feels itself to be superfluous, and it has the kind of bibliography that includes *The Times* and the *Manchester Guardian* (though inexplicably excludes *Punch*, with whose cartoons it is all too predictably illustrated). These arid first impressions are misleading. *Critics of Empire* is a striking first book by a Cambridge don with a gift of exposition and clearly endless diligence. It is a very good book indeed. Mr. Porter's writing is worlds away from the normal thesis turgidity: he even makes a joke once (*cherchez l'homme*, he

Webb's imperial notions). Like another recent book upon an imperial subject, Mr. Alan Sandison's *The Wheel of Empire*, this long and original work seems to offer hope that writing in the English universities is at last escaping from its dreary mid-Atlantic mould. The subject is the reaction of British Radicals to the New Imperialism of the 1890s—that hysterical outburst of national emotion which surrounded the celebrations of the Diamond Jubilee. As Mr. Porter says, the response was to prove more telling than the challenge, and though the opponents of Empire in those days were few and mostly ineffective, still they were an interesting set of people, with seminal ideas. Mr. Porter briefly traces the course

the more prominent radical movements and spokesmen—the Fabians, the Ethical Movement, Hobson, Mary Kingsley, John Holt of Liverpool, E. D. Morel. These forces were by no means unanimous, except in their earnestness, and their arguments were more often practical than moral; but seen in hindsight they seem ceaseless, intelligent, prodigious, more formidable than the huge pompous façade of the imperial structure they opposed, and in the end they contributed significantly to its collapse.

Mr. Porter passes no judgment, but sums it all up in an admirable little epilogue—a chapter which, since it actually contains two and a half pages without a single footnote, is perhaps a foretaste of what Mr. Porter may later achieve, when he writes for a wider and more im-

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E. M. Forster at Ninety

E. M. Forster was ninety yesterday. He would not wish to be eulogized. Indeed it has been his steadfast refusal to be great that has made him what he is. In a time that has too often praised the superhuman while it practised the inhuman, Forster has held out for the unheroic virtues—tolerance, good temper, sympathy, personal relationships, pleasure, love. These values define his work as they have filled his life; and the work and life are alike, so filled with the personality of the man that no proper criticism will separate them. For Forster does not believe, as other influential writers of our time have believed, in the impersonality of art. Everything that is most personal he has celebrated, and in his own voice. In his novels the good characters have his own best qualities, and the wicked ones are wicked because they are un-Forsterian—they do not feel, they cannot love. And the essays say the same things, and in the same voice that speaks from the novels and stories; Forster himself exists in his books more vividly than any character he invented.

The morality now seems a bit old-fashioned, the faith in right feelings belongs to another, more trusting, time. Forster thinks it worse to be unfeeling than to be sentimental, and consequently comes sometimes to the edge of senti-

mentality, but never loses his sense. (Later generations have reversed his faith, not, perhaps, to their own good.) And that quiet authorial voice, speaking up to remind us that what we are reading is a story with a moral, that, too, is a device from the past. But though the morality and the technique are old-fashioned, they are also reassuring: because we can trust Forster to commit himself on the moral issues of his inventions, we can trust him in other things.

It is not, after all, surprising that the novels should be old-fashioned: they are a young man's books that have grown old with him, and all but one belong to the Edwardian era more than fifty years ago. No other novelist has had a career quite like Forster's: not simply because it was, as far as we know, completed when he was forty-five—many important writers have died earlier—but because in those few creative years he wrote so few novels, and because those few have been carried, as it were, into the present by the long life of their author. It is difficult to imagine the state of Forster's reputation if, say, he had died when Edward VII did, or even in 1924, after his last novel was written, but we may guess that the earlier books, at least, would have retained their period costumes, and would be read now for what they are—the best novels, after Conrad's, of a remote decade.

Forster himself has described them as period pieces, out of a lost prewar world. "I had been accustomed," he said, "to write about the old-fashioned world with its homes and its family life and its comparative peace. All that went, and though I can think about the new world I cannot put it into fiction." It is perhaps partly because of their remoteness that he has been able to judge his books with such objectivity. He has placed his own work on the second level of novels, among the good but not great, and he has had his reasons: "In no book," he said, "have I got down more than the people I like, the person I think I am, and the people who irritate me. This puts me among the large body of authors who are not really novelists, and have to get on as best they can with these three categories. We have not the power of observing the variety of life and describing it dispassionately.

This judgment seems just, on the whole, but on one book it is surely too severe, and too modest: most of Forster's readers would agree that *A Passage to India* should be raised from this second level of achievement, for in that novel Forster did escape his Edwardian limitations and wrote a great book.

But Forster's place in his time cannot be

equated with the place of his novels, secure that place is. We are liable to forget that, after the novels ended after the First World War, he went on writing, and in fact wrote more books there is the life, a long testimony to his courage and integrity. In his later years Forster has been many men, and in all his roles he has been a liberal faith. As a Humanist, he spoke for the individual against authority as an end in itself; as a Man of Letters he encouraged younger writers and tolerated curiosity of his admirers. He is a disarming, casual and old-fashioned literary critic, nevertheless made his critical ideas count by terminology: his *Aspects of the Novel* is attacked by academic critics, but his notion of fiction as a part of the way those who are not novelists think about life, in all his roles he is kind, generous, modest; if he has not been the embodiment of the liberal imagination, he is still the hero of the liberal heart.

Perhaps we should add one more role—Forster the realist, the man who has been able to accept what could not be altered, and do it with dignity. He has regretted the changes that have taken the world he grew up in, and he would doubt have preferred that the Edwardian Age should have lasted. But he does not pretend that the end of the Edwardian calm cost him his creative imagination, and he has not disguised his regret that he has accepted both the cost and the reward because they were true. He was saddened by the passing of the rural heritage of his childhood, and he has accepted the spreading red rust of cities: like the character in *Twelve Men*, he knows that "much of the earth must be sold for the sake of the future." He has not been a commercial, and that to revolt against his ridiculous. When he considered the prospect of the odds were against him; but it has not occurred to him to look for consolations in a future which seems to offer none. He prefers to live in the real present, however disheartening that present may be.

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It is a book of love and gratitude to E. M. Forster's

heart and sympathies are all German. It displayed unexpected impartiality. In a letter dated January 27, 1864, just before the outbreak of war between Prussia and Denmark, she gives a remarkably wise and fair summary of the situation as it concerned England:

I condemn the treaty of 1862 completely, but once signed, we cannot unsettle it without first trying first by war to maintain it. . . . Where I do blame Germany is in their wanting the two great Powers to break their engagements, and in not being content with all the rights of the Duchies being obtained. They have mixed up the two questions, and gone so violently mad upon the subject that they lose sight of the far greater evils which may be produced by provoking war. And depend upon it that the want of forbearance towards the King of Denmark now that he means to do all he can, at the risk almost of his crown, will and must have a very bad effect in Europe and injure the just cause of Germany.

Leaving aside their feelings on the Schleswig-Holstein issue, it is curious to find the Crown Princess of Prussia so passionately pro-English in her sympathies, the Queen of England as passionately pro-German. "Pray, dearest," Queen Victoria writes to her daughter, "when you write to Bertie and Affie don't write with frantic adoration of the Navy and all English feelings—for our sole object is to smooth that down and to Germanize them!" But although the Crown Princess was an enthusiastic anglophile, to judge from these letters she took little or no interest in English home politics. There are countless references in the internal situation in Germany: not a single one either by the Queen or the Princess to English political affairs. Admittedly the years from 1861 to 1864 were not exciting ones in English politics; nevertheless the omission is an odd one.

Almost the only current event of any sort in England to be mentioned in the controversy over Dr. Colenso's views on Old Testament criticism, being deeply religious women, the



A contemporary drawing of the funeral of the Prince Consort
(Reproduced from Dearest Mama)

Queen and the Princess were naturally interested in such matters. Although they both supported Colenso against the conservative elements in the Church, the Princess was in fact far more "advanced" in her religious views than was her mother. A passage from a letter dated April 11, 1863, suggests that, had she lived nowadays, she would have been a disciple of the Bishop of Woolwich: Steam and electricity have put a new

face on the world and we have left our Church as it were in uncivilized times of cruelty and ignorance. We have let in the light of truth on all else; our pure religion, the first of all working principles, we have been subdued to leave surrounded with institutions which were good in their time, but which now are not in accordance with the state of civilization.

The editing of private letters, especially the private letters of royalty, presents many and peculiar problems.

Mr. Fulford quotes an article in the *TLS* which pointed out "the unsuitability of treating family letters with the full paraphernalia of scholarship." The difficulty is to decide how far it is permissible to alter, to omit, to simplify in order to make a readable book. Most editors of Queen Victoria's letters have retained at least a little of her copious underlining. Mr. Fulford has decided to omit it

for two reasons—first, "there is nothing singular or peculiar to the Queen about it", and secondly, "the constant sprinkling of italics could become an irritant to the reader." Granted that other royal letter-writers, Queen Alexandra in Paris, for example, were equally addicted to underlining, and that italics can and do distract the reader's eye, the fact remains that the Queen's letters look oddly unfamiliar when presented in a way in which Mr. Fulford argues that underlining is unimportant because "in the Queen's case indicated vehemence rather than emphasis": surely it is just this vehemence which is so peculiarly characteristic of her thought and style.

No other criticism can be made of the way in which Mr. Fulford has edited these important and interesting letters. He writes:

For the most part an editor must be content to fight his own battles; he must decide whether when the Queen writes "Austria", she means the Queen of Prussia, the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, or Lady Augusta Stanley; must search diligently till he finds the son's lines written for the Duchess Kent's mausoleum; he must understand the true meaning of the Crown Princess's terrible partiality for nicknames. Mr. Fulford is the safest pilot through these uncharted waters. A fascinating glossary disposes of the problem of nicknames; it enables him to keep footnotes to an absolute minimum. Only once or twice is the reader left slightly at sea, as, for instance, when Queen asks for photographs of "the late King of Denmark and Count Danner", a lady unfamiliar to English readers. Why Queen Victoria should wish to possess a photograph of the disreputable King Frederick VII with the morganatic wife, had once been his mistress, is a question that no footnote can answer. *Dearest Mama* is a sequel to *Dearest Child*, a selection of letters from the same correspondence which appeared in 1964. May we expect a third volume?

Greece and Turkey

DUST IN THE AIR

MICHAEL PEREIRA: *Istanbul: Aspects of a City*. 300pp. Geoffrey Bles. £2 10s.

Mr. Pereira seeks to describe Istanbul, wars and all. He has enjoyed the life of the city and his descriptions of the Bazaar, the beerhouses of Pasa, and the children or policemen are authentic. Surprisingly, he has little to say about the shanty towns which form a large and very human part of the city and he rarely seems to have found himself wet and muddy. But he does go under Galata bridge instead of just walking over it.

He uses the walls as a recurrent theme to unite his chapters, which are made up of sections but in no order and without itineraries. The complexity of his subject is too much for him and the result is a restless book with the ingredients of a routine travel book: a little history, a little anecdote and a little description. There is a great need for a work of scholarship taking the city district by district and considering the varied monuments seriously. There is also need for a light-hearted volume which collects legends, trades, sects and street names into one exuberant comedy. There may also be room for a new history. But books which attempt to be all these things are inevitably sketchy and their judgments arbitrary.

Mr. Pereira is a gifted eavesdropper, even if some anecdotes are a little overlong. He also speaks of good proportions without defining what he means so that the book becomes a catalogue of his opinion. The familiar history is potted more deeply than in some recent works. But the old tales, creak a little when extracted from their pigeon-holes. Siman's hookah leaves the mosque of Süleyman for Topkapı, for example. The persistent misspelling of Tekfur is irritating and, although writing for strangers to Turkey, he does not relate Nicea to Izmir.

His approach to files is personal and his observations are not trustworthy. He is inaccurate in his description of the panek of the Baghdad kiosk. Misled by an unexpected slip in Mamboury, he mentions tiles in the mosque of Sokollu at Azapkapı which do not exist but ignores the superb collection of his favourite period at the Eski Valide above Üsküdar and also the two remarkable panels at the mosque of İvaz Efendi. He visited both these monuments. He says that he could not get into the tomb of Mahmud Paşa and so could not see

BYZANTINE DICTIONARY

KLAS WESSEL (Editor): *Reallexikon zur Byzantinischen Kunst*. Part IX: 159pp. Part X: pp.162-319. Stuttgart: Hiersemann. DM30 each.

Some two years have passed since the appearance of Part eight of the *Reallexikon* (reviewed in the *TLS* on August 3, 1967); it marked the completion of the first volume. It was originally proposed to complete the series in four volumes, each of eight parts, three to four parts being issued each year. The appearance of mention peasants only in their last parts nine and ten is thus considered "Peasants—see Farmers," and the lastly behind schedule.

Part nine contains eleven entries. Two of them geographical (*Divin* and *El Bagawat*), two dealing with iconography (*Durchaus der Rote Meer* and *Einzug in Jerusalem*), two primarily technical (*Ennail* and *Enkphras*), two dealing with persons or personifications (*Ellas* and *Ekklesia*), one with architecture (*Empore*), and one with an abstract theme (*Ekphras*); the final entry, *Enkolpion*, is continued in Part ten. The note on *Divin* is especially useful as it summarizes a number of very inaccessible publications, most of them in Armenian or Russian; that on *El Bagawat* also provides a convenient summary, though the basic publications are more readily available. The two iconographical entries are mainly concerned with the early history of the themes, which are really too wide to be dealt with in a small space:

the ceramics. They are mosaics of the Bursa type and cover the outside walls.

He is misleading about the vaults under the tower of Isaac Angelus which can be seen by daylight although their approach is dark, and he is confused about the two Bodevlen in the Covered Bazaar and also that of Mehmet II at Galata. The Belevdi has a large, efficient, and very helpful map service, contrary to Mr. Pereira's opinion: his own maps are inexhaustibly poor.

Many details are incorrect. Davut Aga had been dead ten years in 1509 and Hayrettin was not the architect of Beyazit but Yakup Sah ibn Sultan Sah. The sarcophagus of the Empress Irene was removed from the kitchen of a house opposite the Pantocrator to Hagia Sophia some years ago. This list could continue. It is partly the result of an unselective bibliography. Sources which are faintly like *Indelcyon* are listed while essential books like Elyce or Gyllius are not. His passage on the Chora is odd enough for one to suppose that he is unaware of the reports in the *Dumbarton Oaks Papers* or Underwood's book. These strictures may seem severe, and the book contains many facts, but the author has pretensions to scholarship.

His judgments are personal; otherwise his poverty-stricken passage on Hagia Sophia, the greatest monument in the city, would be risible. The pity is that he treats them seriously.

But when all these criticisms are made, *Istanbul* is an introduction to a city which can be conquered only by an author who has patiently laid siege to it for many laborious years. If Mr. Pereira's selection of monuments is arbitrary it is also representative, and some of his views are original. It is pleasant to encounter someone who admits a liking for unfashionable Ottoman Baroque and has sympathy for Nuruosmaniye. Some of the numerous photographs are very good indeed, especially those of street life. This is appropriate, for here, together with an agreeable personality which he has impressed on his book, lies Mr. Pereira's strength.

The casual traveller new to Istanbul, who does not know when to remove his shoes when entering a mosque, will find this book easy and cheerful to read. He will be undisturbed by profound thoughts but he will smell the dust in the air.

THE GREEK NATION

JOHN CAMPBELL and PHILIP SHERRARD: *Modern Greece*. 420pp. Benn. £2 15s.

Mr. Campbell and Mr. Sherrard make a powerful combination, having acquired between them a wide scholarship and experience in the historical, social, religious and economic factors that have gone to the making of Greek society. Against this background, the narrative of political events, since independence comes relatively easily and can even be seen to be almost of secondary importance. The most interesting chapters of the book are therefore not those which record the surface of events during the past century and a half, since this can be found elsewhere, but the interspersed chapters which analyse certain persistent elements in the Greek character and its material environment. It is from these chapters that the book derives its special value, and their exceptional merit is clearly due equally to both authors.

The first chapter sets out to define the idea of the Greek nation. In this idea, as formulated at the beginning of the nineteenth century, there were many strands, some of them inconsistent. There was the Orthodox Church, whose Patriarch was actually known as the "leader of the nation"; there were the influential Greeks who had achieved prominence and wealth under Turkish rule, whether at Constantinople, in the Peloponnese or the islands; there were the expatriate Greeks in the West, in Russia, or in Venice and its colonies; and there was the humanist tradition of the "golden age", which had passed to the West by way of the Italian Renaissance in a Latinized form. When these various elements began to coalesce there was much conflict between them, for their aspirations were quite different. Westernized Greeks and European philhellenes alike were trying to conjure into existence a nation

of Hellenes, which simply could not exist. It was the genius of Byron (and let it also be said in fairness, the wisdom of Capodistria) which recognized in the common people the true foundation of a new nation. As the authors say, "ideas about nationality were not, of course, the constructs of the simple peasants and shepherds", but it was their efforts over ten years which made independence possible. Their most eloquent spokesman, Makriyannis, is rightly used as a primary source for the values and attitudes of the people whose endurance and sense of honour, with all its faults, finally made possible the emergence of a Greek nation.

There follow four chapters competently describing the history of Greece from the last generation of Ottoman rule to the end of the communist rebellion in 1949. The authors then revert from chronology to specialist analysis, in two excellent chapters on the Church and the evolution of literature. The importance of the Church in Greek history has often been emphasized but never so clearly expounded, culminating in the startling but closely reasoned paradox that "it is not an accident that the first communist country was also an Orthodox country". Similarly there is a close connexion between literary movements and political history in Greece, in which the linguistic controversy plays an inextricable part. But apart from showing the relevance of these two chapters to the main theme of the book, these connexions should not be overstressed.

The authors then return to straightforward history, with an account of political events from the end of the civil war to the establishment of the latest military dictatorship. At this point it may be suggested as a criticism of the authors' technique that they are not always as helpful as they might be to the inexperienced reader. Greek names are long and confusing

and not easy to retain. It is convenient if they are not unnecessarily multiplied and if those that play an essential part are given a clear characterization in the reader's mind from the first moment when they are introduced (or should be introduced). An accurate index is also desirable, and in this respect the authors have served themselves ill. No less than five members of the Makriyannis family, spread over four distinct generations, appear in the book; but only three of them appear in the index. The important figure of Elias Tsirimokos first appears, according to the index, in Papandreu's government of 1964. In fact he first appears in the book three years and eight pages earlier; and he ought to appear much earlier still, since he was one of those "modern non-communists within E.A.M." who were "defeated in their attempts to find a compromise" in December, 1944. It would be legitimate to regard all these intricate personalities as tiresome distractions, but in that case one should not attempt this kind of political history at all.

The authors are back on surer ground in their last three chapters, which deal with economic dilemmas, the Greek countryside, and the City and the State. Each of these is ably done, and the central one on the life of the provinces and mountain village is a masterpiece of sympathetic analysis. Taken together, these three chapters present a disquieting picture of an unstable and potentially ruinous situation for which it is difficult to see any practicable cure. It is not altogether surprising that a considerable proportion of the Greeks should have accepted the government of the Colonels with an almost fatalistic apathy, but it would be very surprising indeed if the Colonels were able to cure the situation described in the last hundred pages of the book. Mr. Campbell and Mr. Sherrard have produced a very impressive work of scholarship, which philhellenes may also find very depressing.

ENOSIS FOR CRETE

E. FREVELAKIS and V. PLATANAKOU-BEKIARI: *Monuments of Greek History*. Vol. 6: The Cretan Revolt of 1866. Reports of the Greek Consuls in Crete. Part 1: April 1866-July 1867. In Greek. 491pp. Athens University Press.

In celebration of the centenary of the Cretan revolt of 1866, the Research Centre for Modern Greek History of the University of Athens proposes to publish in full the reports of the Greek consuls in the island. This task will call for a further series of much the same formidable scale as the one under review. There were at the time two consulates, at Candia and Iraklion, and a consular agency at Redimo; all of them reported at least weekly, and sometimes more often, with an elaboration of style and proliferation of detail characteristic of an earlier, more leisured period of diplomacy. The result is truly monumental and of obvious benefit to historians. It is not for the casual reader, though there is plenty of casual interest and excitement to be found in it.

After the creation of the Kingdom of Greece in 1832 the "Great Greek island" of Crete, together with the majority of the Aegean islands and the northern part of the mainland, remained under the Ottoman Empire. For the next twenty years it enjoyed considerable prosperity under the rule of Mustafa Pasha. There was a brief uprising in 1856, but Ismail Pasha, who became Governor General in 1861, did much to recreate the "golden age" of 1832 to 1852; even the patriotic Cretan editors of this volume do not call him oppressive but only double-faced. The violence and the partial success of the revolt is therefore another example of what appears to be an historical rule: that revolts and revolutions are less likely to break out in times of the greatest repression but rather when things are going better. The fact is that in good times or bad the Cretans never gave up their aspiration of enosis, union with Greece.

Nearly 80 per cent of the popula-

tion were Muslims. These proportions are strikingly similar to those presented by modern Cyprus, which has also taken over the former Cretan sobriquet of the great Greek island. Like the Cypriots, the Cretans of 1866 paid careful attention to world politics, from which they expected to derive advantage. The Austro-Prussian war, and the controversy over the Danubian Principalities, were expected to have a diversionary effect on the Sultan. They looked also for assistance from friendly powers; the flag under which they fought contained the four flags of Greece, Britain, France and Russia surrounding the figure of Christ. In this they were disappointed, although after the defeat of the revolt it was the pressure of the Powers that obliged the Sultan to grant political concessions to the Christians and an Organic Statute providing for some measure of self-administration. This victory in the midst of defeat resembles the most famous feat of arms of the revolt which has made men-

able the Monastery of Arkadi. Here in November, 1866, a small Greek force, battered by artillery fire and stormed by superior numbers, deliberately blew up the magazine, destroying themselves and many times their number of Turks. The editing of the documents has plainly been skilfully done, the drafts where they survive being compared with the copies sent to Constantinople and Athens, and variants recorded in footnotes. There is a clear and sensible introduction which gives a short history of the revolt. For the interest of those who read the article on "The Colonel's Greek" in the *TLS* of June 6, it must be recorded that not only the consuls of 1866 but also their editors of a hundred years later write in the most rigorous and pedantic *katharevousa*. For all the violence with which that article upheld the cause of *demotiki*, a fair-minded reader will nevertheless conclude that not even the most formal phraseology can spoil the story of the heroism of the Cretans.

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PURITANISM AND POTEEN

K. H. CONNELL: *Irish Peasant Society*. 167pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. 35s.

Irish Peasant Society introduces a new dimension into the study of Irish social history. Where other historians have dwelt on the rights and wrongs of Anglo-Irish relations, Professor Kenneth Connell adopts a completely different tack and heads for the central problems of Irish society in the late nineteenth century—an overabundance of religion and drink, and a scarcity of sexual endeavour. The result is a highly original discussion of what may be termed the psychopathology of a peasant society. In its astringent tone, his work makes a refreshing change from the blarney of recent books, and non-books, about 1916 and all that. It is a welcome addition to Irish historical scholarship.

Irish historians have come late in the day to drink, religion and sex. Novelists have been much more adventurous, and readers of *Ulysses* need not need to be reminded of the crucial role which these themes play in Joyce's view of Irish life. The Ulster novelist Brian Moore, in *The Lonely Man*, looked at drink and religion in the life of an Irish spinster. More recently John McGahern, in his book *The Dark*, took up the Joycean theme of masturbation. *The Ginger Man* went enthusiastically into all these topics. What Professor Connell has done is to enlarge the accepted spectrum of what constitutes Irish history to deal with subjects which have been taboo. The sober pages of *Irish Historical Studies* may well benefit from this. In due course, Professor Connell may deal with such topics as violence, exemplified in the Irish addition to corporal punishment (Joyce again!) and the aggressive Irish sense of humour.

Professor Connell begins with a study of illicit distillation before the Famine. Here his concern is to place "poteen" in a social context, and he shows with extraordinary clarity how illicit distillation was a means by which a hard-pressed peasantry

(and potable) form. Poteen-making was not a romantic affair carried on by moonlight but an economic necessity by which the peasant made ends meet in specific areas of the country—the western seaboard. Its decline after the Famine was related to the increased activity of the Royal Irish Constabulary, but also to a growth of prosperity among those who survived the rigours of the 1840s.

Another essay deals with the spread of ether-drinking in western Ulster, specifically Londonderry and Fermanagh, from the 1850s. Ether was not very palatable, but it offered a cheap alternative to alcohol and the added attraction of providing instantaneous drunkenness with no hang-over to follow. The drinking of ether was confined to a relatively small area, based on the seven towns of Draperstown, Maghera, Magherafelt, Cookstown, Pomeroy, Omagh and Dungannon. These were small towns, they were also towns with a Catholic majority. Indeed, Professor Connell suggests that ether-drinking was confined to Catholic small farmers or peasants. "Smell a man's breath and tell his religion" was a contemporary catchword. This line of analysis might well have been pushed further. It seems not unlikely that groups of Catholic peasantry in this area, who were hard hit economically in the aftermath of urbanization, sought emotional compensation in ether-drinking.

The longest chapter, and the most provocative, deals with Catholicism and marriage in the period after the Famine. The argument here is that religion reinforced the economic factors which were largely responsible for a situation in which the Irish peasant married much later than any of his European counterparts, though before the Famine he had married much earlier. Before the Famine sub-division of holdings and cultivation of the potato made early marriage possible. One peasant told a Royal Commission:

face on the world and we have left our Church as it were in uncivilized times of cruelty and ignorance. We have let in the light of truth on all else; our pure religion, the first of all working principles, we have been subdued to leave surrounded with institutions which were good in their time, but which now are not in accordance with the state of civilization.

After the Famine, consolidation of holdings became the aim of the peasant. This meant that the six children of a typical family were faced with the choice of emigration, or of hanging on at home in the hope that the holding would be left to them. Either way the father was left the dominant figure. As Yeats might have said, that was a country for old men with the young kept out of one another's arms.

Professor Connell's main point is that the teaching of the clergy provided a supernatural sanction for late marriage and that without it the stress involved would have proved unacceptable. The rigid training at Maynooth in a Jesuit tradition disposed the clergy to regard virginity as superior to marriage. This outlook chimed in with the post-Famine outlook on the consolidation of holdings, and the undesirability of early marriage. The circle was completed by the fact that many, perhaps most, Maynooth students were the favourite sons of their family and hence more than willing to accept their parents' wishes. The puritanism of Maynooth reinforced the paternalism of the peasantry.

There is much to praise and admire in this chapter. Professor Connell uses literary sources to great effect and tells some marvellous stories about parish priests beating the bushes. But in contrast with his treatment of illicit distillation, his thesis about Maynooth and the peasantry seems very much open to question. There is not the same careful distinction over time and place. The assumption seems to be that Maynooth remained unchanged throughout the nineteenth century and that there was no variation in clerical outlook from place to place. Second thoughts are also induced by an earlier work of Professor Connell, *The Peasantry of Ireland* (1966).

cial reasons. The implication was that the priest did not represent peasant attitudes, but was a cleric of a different order, a cleric of a different order, a cleric of a different order. The question arises why the role of Maynooth-trained clergy should be different before and after the Famine. Perhaps Professor Connell does allow enough for the psychological impact of the Famine. A student sermon as distinct from novels will be revealing.

In a sense, this criticism is the point. Professor Connell in this particular chapter explicitly a *hollon d'essai*. Measured by the discreet pages of C. Arensburg and S. T. Kim, *Family and Community in Ireland* (reprinted in 1968) Father Humphrey's *New Dublin* (1966), where Irish Janism is regarded to a footnote, this book certainly puts the cat among the pigeons. It is not the least contribution of the book that it is a peasant's view of the world. In contrast, Arensburg and Kim mention peasants only in their last parts nine and ten is thus considered "Peasants—see Farmers," and the lastly behind schedule.

Part nine contains eleven entries. Two of them geographical (*Divin* and *El Bagawat*), two dealing with iconography (*Durchaus der Rote Meer* and *Einzug in Jerusalem*), two primarily technical (*Ennail* and *Enkphras*), two dealing with persons or personifications (*Ellas* and *Ekklesia*), one with architecture (*Empore*), and one with an abstract theme (*Ekphras*); the final entry, *Enkolpion*, is continued in Part ten. The note on *Divin* is especially useful as it summarizes a number of very inaccessible publications, most of them in Armenian or Russian; that on *El Bagawat* also provides a convenient summary, though the basic publications are more readily available. The two iconographical entries are mainly concerned with the early history of the themes, which are really too wide to be dealt with in a small space:

ANTI-ZIONIST

URT AVNERY : *Israel without Zionists*. 215pp. Collier-Macmillan

30 Sep 1853

accommodation was
across of a bed

Sitting room	Beds
--------------	------

Two side with a
in the sitting room where
Parker's man dressed
one down. E.C. of the others
in the recess

I walked across
right to her doorway, I saw
her there & he had
at them on his work.
even order.

OXFORD'S TURNERS

Oxford is rich in watercolours by Turner mainly because of Ruskin's gifts to the university, though the drawings made for the Oxford Almanacks, deposited with the Ashmolean Museum by the Delegates of the Clarendon Press in 1850, were an earlier acquisition. In *Ruskin and Turner*, Mr. Luke Herrmann discusses catalogues and illustrates the works coming from these and other sources. Ruskin's contribution, first his magnificent gift in 1861 and later of the drawings intended for study in the Ruskin School of Drawing and Fine Art which he endowed at the Museum, claims principal attention.

Admirably detailed chapters describe the manner in which his collection was brought together and also the place of the drawings now at Oxford in Turner's development as a draughtsman. The enthusiasm aroused by his father's early presents of Turner drawings led Ruskin in the course of time to acquire more than 300 examples, of which he gave

of drawings for *The Rivers of France* in which inks and body colour were used on blue paper (since faded to grey). Mr. Herrmann recalls the story of Turner's offering his admirer the whole series, ("a bundle in a dirty piece of brown paper under his arm") for twenty-five guineas apiece. Ruskin's father thought he was "mad to want them", presumably because the sum appeared excessive to his prudent mind. In 1858 Ruskin paid 1,000 guineas for seventeen of them.

In all the collections at Oxford span fifty years of the great artist's working life. One of the maturest of his early topographical watercolours is the beautiful view of Christ Church from the meadows, used for the Almanack of 1799. The poet's "Scene on the Loire", c. 1826-30, in the Ruskin School Collection is in its own fashion, as Ruskin termed it, "unsurpassable". The final freedom of his style in the 1840s, his remarkable illustration in "Evening Clouds over Alton, Bedfordshire,"

Letters to the Editor (continued)

GREEK INTELLECTUALS

Sir, Mr. Vaghi's comments (November 21) may please those who think the Colonels' regime is palatable, but they display a deep ignorance of the present intellectual atmosphere in Greece. Mr. Vassiliou (November 7) argued that those Greek literary works which attempted to renew the traditional pattern and themes of the Greek novel, like those of Samarakis, Mr. Mirogionis, S. Tsirkas and himself, among others, ceased to appear after the Colonels' coup. Mr. Vaghi maintains against this, in an entirely irrelevant way, that Mr. A. Vlachos still publishes his short stories, to which it could be added that the late Myrtilinos had been "honoured" by Brigadier Pantakos's visit to her death-bed.

This "literary activity" may be fairly appreciated if compared to the best of a French "Pétainiste" that, under the Vichy régime, André Malraux's works of Ferdinand Gregh's poems were still published. That Goldenrod of "satirical musical reviews" (?) are still staged (Sophocles's *Oedipus* being withdrawn from the 1967 Athens Festival programme) may be compared to the unfortunate situation which would arise if the French "chambers" and the performance of some obscure play by Thomas Corneille (Pierre Corneille's *Polyeucte* being forbidden) were the only substitutes for any theatrical life in Paris. Mr. Vaghi may be unacquainted with colonial or generals who read *Nea Hestia*. He should perhaps be reminded of the adulterous description of the dictator Metaxas, who was referred to by *Nea Hestia* as an "intellectual colossus, a legend and a leader, our pillar and

light" [sic] (February 15, 1941). This "literary" review, with these high intellectual standards, is not stained, like *Epiphany*, by "communist aid" and deserves the Colonels' and Mr. Vaghi's praise.

Mr. Vaghi fails to produce the slightest evidence for his emotional statement on the "popular support" which the Colonels' "sons of the common folk", like Hitler and Mussolini, managed to secure. However, they officially claim that 92.4 per cent of the Greeks approve of their policies, while Mr. Vaghi reduces the figure to an average of 65 to 70 per cent. Does this discrepancy imply that, according to Mr. Vaghi, the results of the last "plebiscite" have been shamelessly falsified? If so, the "popular", in fact backward, origin of the Colonels may account not only for their illiteracy but also for their dishonesty.

Mr. D. Patey (November 21) overestimates the importance of the availability of the foreign press in Athens. The foreign papers are linguistically and financially beyond the reach of ordinary people, while they fulfil the needs of the better-off tourists, whose presence here is vital to the Junta. Mr. Patey does not mention that all the communist and even some left-wing foreign papers (e.g. the *Sun* or *Avanti*) are not available here, not even in the public libraries for research purposes. Moreover all the Cypriot papers, including the most conservative, have been banned since the coup. In this light, his comparison between the Colonels and the Russians is slightly misleading.

A GREEK INTELLECTUAL,
Athens, Greece.

BOOKS RECEIVED

[The inclusion of a book in this list does not preclude its subsequent review]

Aircraft

BUTTS, J. M. *War Planes of the First World War, Vol. II, Fighters*. 165pp. Macdonald, 15s.

In the first volume of this survey, aircraft by British manufacturers with initials early in the alphabet were described. The present list runs only from R to S but Mr. Butts succeeds in collecting thirty-five types and sub-types, some of which had nothing to do with the fighting. Pictures and drawings accompany most of the descriptions.

Arts and Crafts

DENIS, VALENTIN and DE VRIES, T. E. *The World's Art, Vol. 1: Old Stone Age to Gothic Art*. 308pp. Vol. 11: Renaissance to Modern Art. Oriental and Primitive Art. 326pp. Collins, £10 10s. the set.

These two volumes first appeared in Dutch some six years ago. They have now been excellently but anonymously translated into simple American. Any reviewer's first reaction must be in gasp at the audacity of an attempt to cover all western art from a million years ago down to Vasarely and Roger Bissière in two volumes of 300 pages each, even without having to deal with the entire Eastern hemisphere, Africa and pre-Columbian America as well. But in fact the whole thing has been very successfully achieved by ingenious planning, both of text and illustrations. Each section opens with a brief survey of the political, social and cultural background of the period. This is followed by a longer art-historical essay by some expert. Neccessarily the style is dense and such intense concentration does not make for pleasurable reading. But gross distortion is rare. *The World's Art* should provide a most useful handbook for anyone teaching art-history to the sixth form or to art school students. The 2,000 illustrations, plans, elevations, diagrams, etc., all legibly reproduced, will provide anyone with a useful ready reference to the principal buildings, paintings, and sculpture of the world.

WATNEY, S. W. and LUFF, R. W. P. *Furniture in England*. 104pp. Arthur Barker, £3 3s.

English oak furniture has been in eclipse for so long that it is a pleasure to welcome any book which deals with our medieval and renaissance woodwork. The present slim volume discusses early furniture, as any serious work must, largely in terms of inventories and contemporary literary references, which are not always easy to interpret, for instance, the word

Johnson's definition of them as "wooden pins stuck acientially on the sides of a bedstead to hold the cloths from slipping", suggesting that they were used only for beating the bed smooth. They forget Aubrey's assertion that the wufel William Oughtred "had his ink-horn fixt . . . in the top of his bed staffe", hardly likely if the stick was employed actively for bed-beating, but useful if it was stuck upright into the bed's side. Where objects are totally obsolete such matters are bound to be controversial. The authors make a useful contribution to the study of contemporary sources by including two Paget inventories of 1552 and 1556 never previously printed, as well as reprinting an illustration from Randle Holme's *Academy of Armory* showing typical seventeenth-century household furnishings. It is a pity, however, that the captions provide no clue whatever to the ownership of the 120 examples of furniture reproduced—not even in the case of such well-known objects as the dated oak chairs at Compton Wynnyates.

Biography and Memoirs

BOYLE, LAURA. *Diary of a Colonial Officer's Wife*. 175pp. Oxford: Alden Press, 21s.

Diaries, like wines, tend to become more valuable with age. This one is a young wife's record of experience fifty years ago in colonial West Africa, where her husband was a District Commissioner in Ashanti. Transplanted from Scotland into a strange tropical world, she saw it with young eyes and set down her impressions naively but with an engaging freshness. It was a world where a human sacrifice could still occur not far from her home; where white women were few and not generally welcome among their male compatriots; where the civilized and the barbaric strangely mingled. The year was 1916 and the mail from home brought news of greater barbarism, of wartime tragedies on land and sea, and more personally, of the deaths of Tennant and Asquith relatives. The diary brings back a time that now seems much more than half a century distant and, as Sir Compton Mackenzie writes in his foreword, it demonstrates how efficient and conscientious, as a body, were the representatives of British colonialism.

BUCKLAND, ROBERT. *Share My Taxi!* 191pp. Michael Joseph, 25s.

Mr. Buckland has a good phrase to describe the special relationship of the taxi driver to his passengers. As soon as he gets out in his taxi, he feels that he is in a different world, that

his book is about the strange, sometimes alarming, sometimes extraordinarily benevolent ways in which they "happen", and his unexpected conclusion is that "people are better than one has a right to expect". He is equally unexpected in denying what the public has long believed in: the taxi-drivers' omniscience of London, and he writes so well and persuasively about tipping as to leave one feeling that it is equally unfair to the driver and to the passenger. He writes too of his pleasure in writing, of the wording of newspaper posters which he has carefully studied (but apparently without realizing that here the most important thing about a word is the number of letters in it). He writes, too, of the North End Road, and its penny bazaar, and the games played in the street, when he was a child; and that road was magical to him as it had been a generation earlier to another small boy—Rudyard Kipling.

History
EDWARDS, J. G. *William Stubbs*. 20pp. MOYSE-BARTLETT, H. *From Sail to Steam*. 20pp. Historical Association. 5s. each.

Sir Goronwy Edwards's assessment of Stubbs's contribution to the study of constitutional history appeared first in 1952: Mr. Moysé-Bartlett's survey of the last days of sail and the coming of steam, in 1946. Both are here reprinted.

ELVEY, G. R. (Editor). *Luffield Priory Charters*. Part 1. 316pp. Buckinghamshire and Northamptonshire Record Societies. £3.

The Benedictine priory in question stood on the Northamptonshire and Huntingdonshire borders, and the county boundary appears to have run through its kitchen and dormitory. Appropriately therefore its cartulary, the original is now housed in the Westminster Abbey muniments, comes as a joint publication from the two county record societies, and presents his researches attractively in his preliminary account of a priory which, always poor and struggling, finally yielded in 1494 when Henry VII made over its property to the Abbey of Westminster.

FREUNDLICH, D. E. *The Changing Image of Lincoln in American History*. 24pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. 5s.

The theme of the inaugural lecture given by the Harmsworth Professor of American History at Oxford last

Abraham Lincoln but considered how others, biographers and historians, have viewed him and the issues he faced; from the early works by those who knew him, through the more accurate and critical studies of the professional historians, down to the challenges of traditional viewpoints and the New Left historians of recent times.

RAM, GONDRIK NARAYANA. *The India-China Border*. 106pp. Asia Publishing House, 25s.

In the course of his scholarly and readable study of the history of frontier disputes between India and China the author shows, by reference to despatches and other State papers, the extent to which British policy laid the foundations for certain of the confrontations which have since developed. He argues his country's case ably and well, ascribing to China the blame for hindering a border settlement along reasonable lines. His maps are useful; but even in a book of this modest compass, the absence of an index is indefensible.

Railways

ELLIS, C. HAMILTON. *The Engines that Passed*. 133pp. Allen and Unwin, £2 5s.

Hamilton Ellis, one of the elder statesmen of railway writing, reflecting gracefully and amusingly on steam locomotives and trains he has seen, wished he had seen, been hauled by or has sketched in half-a-dozen countries. His reminiscences are always sharpened by shrewd speculation and his drawings and paintings match them; he is a kind of Munnings of steam power catching the character and spirit of engines long since scrapped and the countryside they ran through.

NOCK, O. S. *The Railway Enthusiast's Encyclopedia*. 341pp. Hutchinson, £2 10s.

Mr. Nock, affectionate historian of so many British railway companies and locomotives, has severely disciplined himself and compressed his wide knowledge into one classified book. Engines old and new, records, track, bridges, signals, viaducts, tunnels, coaches, disasters, famous engineers and railwaymen, technical terms are all briefly described, explained and illustrated. This is a little masterpiece of selection and presentation.

Religion

GRUBS, J. C. (Editor). *To Church with Enthusiasm*. 117pp. Marshall, Morgan and Scott, 18s. 6d.

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"MANSFIELD PARK"

Sir, Mr. Hugh Brogan (December 19) is not sufficiently well-acquainted with the lore of Hampshire. There is a daggered verse which warns us

Nothing new under the sun,
Not even on Jane Austen.
Especially about *Mansfield Park*
And the subject of ordination.

Mr. Brogan says that Dr. Chapman, like everyone else, has assumed, on the evidence of Jane Austen's letter of January 29, 1813, that the subject of *Mansfield Park* is ordination. But when he gave the Clark Lectures more than twenty years ago in Mr. Brogan's own university, Dr. Chapman told his audience all that Mr. Brogan now claims to have discovered himself. Dr. Chapman said "Ordination can hardly be called the subject of *Mansfield Park*", and he had much to say about hedgerows and Jane Austen's chronology of composition and her punctuation,

other matters across which Mr. Brogan imagines himself to be baring trade.

Perhaps Mr. Brogan can do or absence. But, fortunately, his man's words have remained inviolate. The lectures were published in 1948 and are still in print under the title *Janet Austen: Facts and Fables*, published by the University of Cambridge Press, 1948.

I hope that the last sentence in friendly warning, certainly a spirit of admonition. A year later I perpetrated a far more than Jane Austen "discovery" in the pages, at much greater length, a tone of self-congratulation. Brogan happily avoids

IRIAN SOUBI
Routledge & Kegan Paul Ltd
Carter Lane, London, E.C.4.

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